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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

BRITISH PARTY REORGANIZATION

THE British press continues to discuss the need for a new party to take the place of old parties which have lost much of their identity during the long continuance of the Coalition. Naturally, the settlement of the Irish question—just now regarded as final—adds to the novelty of the political situation. At present there is no real opposition in the British Parliament. The 'Wee Free,' or official Liberal Party, is not strong enough to function in that position. Its more radical members will probably go over to the Labor Party, which is generally regarded as the rising power in British politics. The Lloyd George Liberals seem increasingly inclined to become a personal faction. A considerable number of Unionists will doubtless remain with the same group. It is suggested that those official Liberals who are too conservative to go over to the Labor Party, and the Unionist majority, which is not likely to follow Lloyd George forever, will logically coalesce into a new opposition. The *Spectator*, in discussing this possibility, thus summarizes what it considers should be the character of the coming party:—

1. It must be democratic in the truest and widest sense. It must be willing, not

merely to accept, but actively to insist upon, the Will of the People being carried out, whatever that Will may be. By the Will of the People must be understood, not the asseverations of particular individuals that the people desire this or that, but the Will of the People accurately and constitutionally expressed and ascertained.

2. It must be a Unionist Party, though Unionist in a different sense from that in which the word has hitherto been used. That is, Unionism must mean for the new Party the union of the Empire as a great and closely organized alliance of the British half of the English-speaking race. It must also devote itself to cultivating that national solidarity which is essential to the happiness and progress of every human community. Some day, very possibly a happier day than ours, men may feel the solidarity of the whole human race. At present, only a few people endowed with an unusual sense of altruism are able to feel it. Meanwhile, let us learn the art, as it were, in miniature and by practising solidarity in our nation.

3. Next, it must be an anti-revolutionary Party—a Party determined to prevent the break-up not only of the State, but of our existing system, political, social, and economic, based upon freedom, reason, equity, and humanity.

4. Though anti-revolutionary, it must never be a Party of reaction or of sterility. It must be a constructive, elastic, progressive, adaptable Party—ready to do anything so long as the action demanded by it can be shown to make for the enlightenment and happiness of the race on the

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spiritual side, and on the economic and material side for the better and more equal distribution of the world's goods. Production of those goods must be on such a scale as to make a juster distribution a reality, not a sham.

A correspondent in the London *Morning Post*, whose opinion is editorially endorsed by that journal, declares that Unionism as a political policy is dead and buried. He adds:—

If report be true this action is to be followed by making a permanent party out of what hitherto has been called a Coalition Government under some new name, which contemplates the abandonment of Conservatism by Conservatives and of Liberalism by Liberals—the two great schools of political thought under which the Constitution had been worked for so many generations. Can anyone doubt that the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, has been all along and is now working for the destruction of the Conservative Party, to which he has been all his life opposed, just as he worked for and secured the destruction of the Unionist Party by the methods just described?



MUNICIPAL PROBLEMS AROUND THE GLOBE

BEFORE the war German municipalities, as most of our readers will recall, were exceptionally well administered and performed many services for their citizens which, in America, are left to private enterprise. During the blockade, however, their officials and civil servants, expert though they might be in handling the routine matters previously in their charge, proved incompetent to deal with the new tasks forced upon them. This was particularly true when towns undertook to procure food for the people. Provisions were bought which in some instances were not fit to be consumed, and in many cases soon became unfit for consumption through improper storing and handling. When

the blockade was lifted, the municipal authorities ordered provisions from abroad. Being short of funds, they postponed paying for them as long as possible. Then came the collapse of foreign exchange. It will take many times the number of marks to settle these debts to-day that it would have taken at the time they were incurred.

In assuming these new functions, the municipalities were forced to increase the number of employees, and this movement once started has been hard to check. Altogether, the effect of increased expenditures, abnormal losses, and a new allotment of taxes by which the State and Federal governments take a larger share of the public revenues than heretofore, have brought many German cities to a pass where they seem face to face with bankruptcy. The condition is worst in the case of towns which borrowed abroad soon after the war, and must now repay their loans in gold, with a depreciated currency.

Rather oddly, Brest is a stronghold of the French Communists, who have controlled the city government for more than ten years. This is said to be due to the close organization and iron discipline of the anti-militarist arsenal workers, who are always ready to rally at the cry: *À bas d'armée!* According to the bourgeois press, the municipality is one of the worst administered in France. The streets are neglected and dirty and many sections of the city are unsafe at night. Attention has been attracted to conditions there by the recent attack upon the American Consulate, by Communists protesting against the sentence of Sacco and Vanzetti.

According to the *Review of the Far East*, Canton's municipal income is just under two million dollars; and its annual expenditures are nearly a million dollars more than this. However, this is not the only aspect of modernity which the city has recently assumed.

Its area is divided into twelve police wards and six sanitary districts. There is a police force of over four thousand patrolmen, in addition to officers and civilian officials. The City Wall, built in the eleventh century, has been demolished to make way for modern boulevards. Within the last ten years Canton has built over twenty-four miles of wide modern roads. Two years ago visitors had to be carried through the city in sedan chairs; to-day the new thoroughfares are crowded with motor cars and omnibuses. Many narrow streets are being remodeled. Three city parks have been laid out, of which one in the central section of the city is already completed. A public athletic field is a feature of the largest of these parks. The sanitary staff employs about one thousand laborers for the daily cleaning of the streets. A sewer system has been completed under the improved section of the city, and the old drains in the congested district are rapidly being repaired or replaced. One fifth of the municipal appropriations are allotted to the public schools. Of the hundred thousand children of school age in the city, some forty thousand are at present attending the sixty-one graded schools already in existence. Practically every important position in the city government is held by a man who received his training in Europe or America. The mayor is a graduate of municipal-government courses at the University of California and Columbia University.

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JAPAN AND THE NAVAL AGREEMENT

DURING the discussion of the naval ratio at Washington, the Japanese press was almost unanimously opposed to accepting the Hughes proposal, and several excited editors, who had welcomed the Conference when first called, advocated Japan's withdrawal from the

proceedings. *Kokumin* called the meeting 'a conference deliberating upon how to hammer Japan flat.' Though many other papers did not put the situation as they conceived it so bluntly, they probably concurred with their contemporary. The Four Power Pact was by no means received with unalloyed enthusiasm.

The *Japan Advertiser* considers that the decision by which Japan is to keep the Mutsu renders that country's strategic position in relation to the United States and Great Britain distinctly worse than it would have been had the country accepted Mr. Hughes's first proposal. 'Instead of Japan having one sixteen-inch-gun ship to America's one and Great Britain's fifteen-inch-gun ship, the Hood, she will have two to America's and England's three. The Japanese delegates keep the Mutsu, but in keeping it, they have brought into existence the Colorado and the Washington, the Rodney and the Howe.'

In connection with this an article by Archibald Hurd, a well-known British naval expert, in the *Daily Telegraph* is pertinent. Referring to the Rodney and the Howe which England will now build, he says: 'Two such ships embodying the lessons of Jutland, will undoubtedly be very welcome to the Admiralty as well as to the Fleet. One of the regrets prompted by the Washington Conference was that the Navy would have no post-Jutland ships, for the Hood was designed before the battle was fought.'

Returning to sentiment in Japan, the *Rodo Sodomei*, or labor association of that country, at a recent meeting addressed an appeal to the workers of Japan and the United States in the form of the following resolutions:—

1. We endorse the idea of naval limitation and demand that all the capital ships in the world be scrapped.
2. We demand the immediate reduction

of the Japanese land force by half and the shortening of the term of military service.

3. International warfare should be completely abolished.

The *Herald of Asia*, which is a Japanese Liberal weekly, in an article enthusiastically endorsing the Quadruple Treaty entered into by the Four Great Powers at Washington, says that it cannot bring itself to become much excited over the question whether the Mutsu should be included in Japan's battle fleet or not. 'If the new agreement means anything whatever, and unless we are entering thereupon with our tongue in our cheek, we shall have no need for the Mutsu nor for any other vessel of our battle fleet at least for years to come.'

Commenting upon some of the reactionary statements of Japanese statesmen, both at Washington and at home, this paper continues: 'We may find some solace in the fact that, while Japan may writhe under the feeling of shame induced by the stupidities of some of her public men, she has not as yet contrived to bring about anything quite bad enough to equal the doings of Senator Reed of Missouri, with his bombastic, ranting characterization of the agreement as "treacherous, treasonable, and damnable." The American nation is unfortunate in that certain members of the United States Senate by their words and actions furnish the most potent argument against democracy which we know.'

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GENERAL WOOD'S PHILIPPINE REPORT

We quote the following from an editorial comment in the *North China Herald* upon the Wood-Forbes report on the Philippine Islands:—

The report is delightfully refreshing in its cool, clear common sense. For America now to grant the Filipinos an independent government, we read, 'would be betrayal of

the Philippine people, misfortune for the American people, a distinct step backward in the path of progress, and discreditable neglect of our national duty.' These, be it remembered, are the words of two men of broad and kindly nature, who arrived at their conclusions by traveling through the length and breadth of the islands and by close interrogation of all classes of people. The practical result of the extended liberties introduced during recent years in the Philippines is that the Legislature brought the islands so nearly to bankruptcy that only by Congress increasing their borrowing powers could the national finances be extricated; and by the deplorable bank scandals which have landed one exalted Filipino in gaol and caused the arrest of several others. Hence, also, it is easy to sympathize with the recommendation that 'in the event of failure to receive the necessary corrective action by the Philippine Legislature, the United States Congress should declare null and void whatsoever legislation is causing embarrassment to the Governor-General.'

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THE ITALIAN PRESS

THE Rome correspondent of *Berliner Tageblatt* discusses the perennial theme of a kept press as it applies to Italy. This topic is just now to the fore in that country on account of the so-called 'Nitti Trust.' The former Premier is perhaps the best-hated man in Italy by Fascisti and Nationalists of every type and hue. Even Crispi, in the days of his bitterest party contests, was not so intensely disliked by his opponents. On the other hand, the Socialists and Radicals regard him as the only possible bourgeois Premier, and the Popolari or Clericals are at least tolerant in their attitude toward him. He is said to be hated in France, even more than Giolitti, but is rather a favorite with Lloyd George.

With this political temper prevailing, it is hardly strange that the growing control which Nitti's supporters have acquired over the press should be a

matter of great public interest. This reached a climax recently when the Nitti group established an ultra-modern newspaper, *Mondo*, in Rome, it is alleged with South American capital. A Nationalist deputy recently declared in Parliament, that the sudden conversion of many newspapers to the Nitti party, his acquisition of *Paese*, and the establishment of *Mondo*, were due to the generosity of certain great captains of industry. He alleged that Hugo Stinnes was behind *Paese*, though this is disputed; and that the millions at the disposal of *Mondo* were supplied by a wealthy Brazilian of Italian blood, Count Matrazzo, who was seeking to control the proposed coffee monopoly in Italy. All these charges were met by a prompt denial.

This did not terminate the debate, however. The Nationalists also attacked *Avanti*, the official Socialist daily printed at Milan, and *Critica Sociale*, a conservative Socialist weekly appearing in the same city. They declared that the first was financed by a banker, Della Torre; and that *Critica Sociale* was controlled by a big Florentine publishing house, which was using it as a Socialist mask for bourgeois purposes. The editors of these journals, who are members of Parliament, promptly denied these charges. Other papers were ultimately involved in the debate, which seems to have led to nothing positive.

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LABOR IN POLAND

LATE in 1919 the ministry of Poland issued regulations for the organization of factory and mine committees elected by the workers to settle individual complaints and handle general grievances. It is the duty of these committees to inform the management of technical defects in the equipment of the mine or works, to recommend improve-

ments they consider desirable for the protection of the workers or the increase of output, to inspect the quality and quantity of food supplied to rationed or boarded employees, and to represent workers in matters concerning housing and the like. Every mine where more than one hundred men are employed is required by law to maintain on the premises hot baths with shower baths free of charge. Altogether the Polish Workers' Committees constitute a practical recognition of the right of workmen to share in the control of industry, and some observers predict that 'Polish industrialism will evolve on the lines of coöperative ownership.'

In general the labor legislation of Poland is advanced. Insurance against illness is compulsory for all employees, including agricultural laborers and domestic servants. The employment of children under fourteen is forbidden in factories and workshops.

Just at present, however, distress prevails among the working people, and the number of unemployed is growing daily. At the present rate of exchange, many foreign products are cheaper in Poland than are home manufactures. Domestic pig iron is quoted at 110,000 to 130,000 marks a ton, while iron from Czechoslovakia, plus duties and freights, costs 65,000 marks. Silesian coal, which is of a much better quality than that extracted in Poland, sells for 4500 Polish marks a ton; while Darnbrova coal costs 13,000 marks. One cause of the present crisis is the exhaustion of available capital. Private banks are unable to provide industry and trade with necessary credit.

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PORTUGAL

IF the proposed elections are held according to schedule, there will be a new Parliament in Portugal by the time this

issue of the *Living Age* reaches our readers. The present Prime Minister, Captain Cunha Leal, is a young man barely thirty, a captain of engineers, who has served in Africa and Flanders. Since he has been in politics only three years, he has risen to his present post with an unprecedented rapidity which would have been impossible under normal conditions. However, he is a man of great personal courage and resolution — the type which naturally comes to the front in periods of civil disorder.

A correspondent of *Heraldo de Madrid*, writing from Lisbon in November, describes his surprise and pleasure at the conditions he found on his arrival in that city. He had been cautioned against visiting Portugal on account of the disturbed state of the country and the alleged scarcity of provisions. The late revolution was so strictly localized that its affects are not perceptible in the country at large. Lisbon looks the same as ever. The people are gay and alert, and though not indifferent to the present political uncertainties, are resolved not to be dispirited by them.



AUSTRALIA'S LABOR LAWS

AUSTRALIA is again occupied with the perennial problem of improving its system of compulsory arbitration. The Commonwealth Prime Minister has recently been in conference with the Premiers of all the States upon this subject. It is reported that this conference evolved a scheme, the main features of which are to secure from the various State Parliaments acts referring to the Federal Parliament power to make laws establishing a combined court of Commonwealth and State judges, (a) to determine the basic wage of the in-

dustries in Australia, (b) to fix the standard of working hours in any or all industries, and (c) to act as an industrial court of appeal, with jurisdiction to hear and determine appeals from awards, orders, or determinations of Commonwealth or State industrial tribunals, where the Court holds that this is necessary or expedient for harmonizing conflicting awards or orders. This measure and other measures concentrating in the Commonwealth Parliament control over industrial matters, are regarded as only provisional, until there is an opportunity to submit to the people amendments of the Commonwealth Constitution which will supersede the proposed State legislation.



MINOR NOTES

ACCORDING to General Percin, author of a book which has recently appeared in Paris under the title, *Le Massacre de Notre Infanterie*, the records of more than two hundred engagements during the late war show that some seventy-five thousand French infantrymen were killed by their own artillery. Casualties in the infantry were four times those in the artillery, and French casualties were fifty per cent greater than those in the German army. He employs these statistics to illustrate the lack of liaison between the artillery and the infantry and the faulty employment of heavy artillery.

At the first Fascisti meeting, held soon after the organization of this body in the autumn of 1919, there existed 56 *fasci*, or unions, with 17,000 members. According to the latest party statistics there are now 22,000 centres, with 320,000 enrolled members.

AFRICA AS A WORLD PROBLEM

BY RUDOLF ASMIS

From Preussische Jahrbücher, December

(PRUSSIAN CONSERVATIVE HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL MONTHLY)

POLITICAL Africa has been transformed by the war and the Versailles Treaty. England acquired by that treaty the greater part of German East Africa, all Southwest Africa, and a part of Kamerun and Togo, with altogether five million population and more than six hundred thousand square miles of territory. She had already declared a protectorate over Egypt, and thus saw herself mistress of an African empire nearly four million square miles in extent, with fifty-eight million inhabitants.

Before the war, France possessed in Africa rather over three million square miles of territory with thirty-seven million inhabitants. Her new acquisitions under the treaty have extended her possessions in that continent to between three or four million square miles of territory with forty million inhabitants. Great Britain has attained her old ambition of monopolizing the coast of Africa facing the Indian ocean and of connecting Egypt with the South African Union by a strip of territory under her own flag. Mozambique is already practically under English control and Angola, too, is under her sway.

France has strengthened herself materially in the Dark Continent by eliminating German rivalry in Morocco and by acquiring Togo and Dahomey, the natural gateways to the French Sudan. By annexing the southern and eastern portion of Kamerun she has rounded out her equatorial possessions into a continuous territory extending from the ocean to Lake Chad. Moreover, Belgian

Congo is largely under French influence, especially since the recent Franco-Belgian alliance. Belgium still resents the fact that she did not receive in the Versailles Treaty much-coveted territories south of the Congo — territories which passed into the possession of the British.

Judged by statistics of area and population, Great Britain might seem the leading colonial power in Africa. However, this must be qualified by considerations which we shall immediately discuss.

England's protectorate over Egypt is not only imperiled, but is apparently on the point of being revoked. It is certain that the present agitation for independence in that country will result either in the practical withdrawal of British political control, or the constant use of large forces to hold down the native population.

Farther south in British East Africa, now known as Kenia colony, many Europeans and Indians are living as colonists among the dense Negro population. In that region the Indians are agitating for political equality with the Whites. The Indians number in the neighborhood of twenty-five thousand and the Europeans less than ten thousand. Both together are a mere handful among the three million natives. Economic competition between the Indians and the Europeans is very keen, and it has been made difficult for the former to acquire land. They are excluded from European settlements by the color line. They have no right to

vote for local and colonial officials, nor can they hold higher administrative offices.

Meanwhile the national spirit of the Indians was greatly stimulated by the war. The government of India has protested energetically, but without avail, against the discriminations affecting its subjects in Africa. Likewise a popular movement started among the Indian colonists in Africa. They held a great mass meeting at Nairobi, early this year, to demand equal rights with Europeans. Similar meetings were held at many other places. In all instances, resolutions were adopted demanding equal rights and privileges for all subjects of King George. Similar popular protests began to be heard from India, and this grievance has added to the friction between India and the Empire.

On the other hand, European settlers in Africa are up in arms against what they regard as an Indian invasion. They have even formed a secret organization for common defense against the latter. They are encouraged in this attitude by the white population of South Africa, strongly backed by General Smuts and his party.

One of the most dangerous features of this situation is that both parties have begun to court the favor of the Blacks. No middle ground of compromise has been discovered. The Versailles Treaty expressly provided that the Indians in former German Southwest Africa should have equal rights with the Whites. The promptness with which the Indians there took advantage of this, is illustrated by the fact that out of twenty-six German estates sold by the alien property custodian in that colony last May, eighteen were purchased by Indians. The latter quite logically protest that they should not be excluded from privileges in one colony which are granted them by international agreement in a neighboring

colony. Unless some solution for this problem is discovered, it promises to be a constant source of friction and embarrassment in Kenia. Yet were the rights the Indians demand granted to them in that colony, the movement in favor of secession from the British Empire which already exists in the South African Union would be considerably strengthened.

In Natal, also, the Indians are demanding the right to vote for members of the legislature. And here, too, they encounter the resolute opposition of the Europeans. However, the conflict over this question is not so acute in Natal as in Kenia.

Questions of far greater importance than this, however, engage the attention of the South African Union. These are the relations between the Britons and the Boers, and the native problem. The last general elections show that the secessionists in South Africa are in a decided minority and for the time being separation from the Empire is evidently regarded by most people as impracticable or untimely.

Meanwhile the war stimulated unrest among the natives. This has manifested itself in two directions. The first is the formation of new religious sects, a central article of whose creed is that the colored race is not inferior to the white race. The second movement, which is making rapid progress just at present, is toward uniting all colored working men in labor unions. The leaders of this agitation accuse not only the government, but white working men, of being enemies of the Blacks, against whom the latter must rally and organize. At Capetown and Port Elizabeth armed collisions have occurred between the members of colored trade unions and the police. The business depression which has swept from South Africa, as it has over the rest of the world, encourages this unrest, which promises

gradually to develop into a political agitation.

Except in Cape Colony the Negroes do not enjoy the right of suffrage. They feel it a keen injustice that a ridiculously inadequate fraction of the sum devoted to public instruction is appropriated to the education of Blacks. They are also beginning to resent the discrimination against them in provisions for public sanitation and the like. Just at present Negroes from the United States, and natives of South Africa educated in that country, are leading this agitation. In an effort to remove one ground for discontent, and to prevent the contamination of the natives by contact with the Negroes of America, a college has just been founded for their race, which it is proposed eventually to develop into a university.

All in all, however, the colored races in the African Union do not constitute an immediate danger. The superior organization and military equipment of the Whites ensures their continued control of the country. Great Britain profits also from the fact that the Hertzog or Secession Party is even harsher in its attitude toward the natives than the Smuts Party, which favors England.

Very different conditions prevail in the British West African colonies, where there are no permanent white settlers and comparatively few temporary residents of European blood. Long contact between the Whites and Negroes in a few port towns like Bathurst, Freetown, and Akkra has resulted in the formation of a small circle of wealthy Negroes, who send their children abroad to be educated, and who in a few instances have won academic degrees in England. Among these people are some very able men. I was personally acquainted with a full-blooded Negro at Lagos who was the leading attorney of the city. However, the worst agitators in Africa come from this circle of Angli-

cized Gold Coast Blacks. They simultaneously abuse the British government and exploit their ignorant fellow racials most disgracefully.

Before the war, the British government tried to meet this situation by treating the Negroes of the coast cities differently from those of the interior, and by preventing contact between the two so far as possible. During the war all these towns profited remarkably from the flood of gold which poured into them — and largely into the hands of the natives — in return for oil, nuts, cocoanuts, and other local products. Gold Coast Negroes owned more than two thousand automobiles, for instance, by the time the Armistice was signed. Wealth and war together turned their heads. They began to agitate for equal suffrage and the right of self-determination, carrying the latter to the absurdity of claiming it for every petty tribe and settlement.

In the spring of 1920, Negro leaders from the four British colonies on the west coast held at Akkra a 'Conference of Natives of all West Africa.' The British government welcomed the meeting at first, as an opportunity to ascertain the wishes of its colored subjects. But the proceedings soon took an unexpected turn. The Conference organized itself as the National Congress of British West Africa and demanded universal Black suffrage and a native majority of the non-office-holding members of the Legislative Council. It sent a delegation to London to lay these demands before the British government. The members presented their wishes to the King and took active measures to arouse the public sentiment of England in their favor. Among other things they appealed to the League of Nations. They professed to be the elected representatives of the Negro population of the four colonies.

Hereupon the British government

took action. It was able to find in Nigeria and the Gold Coast many Negro leaders who were hostile to the Congress and its delegation. It therefore refused to recognize the latter as the representatives of the Negroes under its jurisdiction. In Nigeria the governor seems to have kept the agitation well in hand, but on the Gold Coast, the native press, already very radical, seized the opportunity for energetic propaganda. Apparently its leaders succeeded in spreading the movement from the coast towns to the native tribes of the interior. However, they steadily maintained that they were not striving for independence but for the correction of evils. When we remember that the Ashanti rebellion only twenty-one years ago seriously threatened British control of the interior, we can understand why the movement is still considered dangerous. Nor is the situation materially different in Gambia and Sierra Leone. Large mass meetings of natives continue to adopt resolutions reaffirming the demands of the Congress, although still professing loyalty to the Empire. However, unless the demands are granted, that loyalty may be at any time imperiled.

So we see a wave of native unrest sweeping through nearly every African possession which Great Britain holds. Although still localized in several different foci, it may at any time become a united movement, which will threaten British suzerainty.

Turning now to the French possessions, serious native revolts occurred during the war in tropical Africa, partly as a consequence of the forced enlistment of soldiers for European service. France succeeded, however, in suppressing these outbreaks, and thanks largely to the activity of M. Diagne, a colored deputy in Parliament from Senegal, she secured a considerable body of troops from her African pos-

sessions. Of the 845,000 colored troops and laborers serving in her army, 181,000 were Senegalese, 196,000 Algerians, and 50,000 from Tunis. Allowing for heavy losses in the war, tens of thousands of these have now returned home, or will do so in the near future. France has flattered these troops in every possible way. They have been told that they are the heroes of the Marne, of Yser, of Verdun; and there is some justice in this praise. Black troops have received decorations and the Legion of Honor the same as the Whites. Colored troops have been placed over white populations in the Rhine valley. France proposes in the future to continue raising a considerable portion of her army among her black subjects, in spite of the decided increase of mixed marriages in France and of the mulatto births. The intention is to keep the colored forces of the republic at about 332,000, of which 100,000 are to come from Equatorial and West Africa.

France has not hesitated to face the political consequences of this policy for her own people. Even before the war, the relation between the colored and the white races in the French colonies was utterly different from that in the English or German colonies. Under the Union Jack, despite the numerous welfare institutions which exist for the natives, a strict line is drawn between the Blacks and the Whites. This does not occur in the French colonies. I remember during my travels through the French possessions in tropical Africa seeing black judges pass sentence upon white men, and black officials supervising white subordinates. I saw cases where white Frenchmen had colored wives who were recognized in society; and white girls going about with colored men. France sometimes granted full civil rights to natives before the war, although this was rather exceptional. These rights included the

privilege of voting for members of Parliament and serving in Parliament.

Therefore, in extending this equality of treatment to all her colored subjects in Africa in connection with compulsory military service, France will not be striking out on a new path, or diverging from the precedents of her earlier colonial policy. A memorandum has already been submitted recommending the assimilation of the natives into the intellectual and ethical life of the French population. The public school system is to be employed as an agency for inculcating the natives systematically with French sentiment and ideals. The only language which is allowed in the schools is French. Missionaries must employ this tongue regardless of their nationality or confession. Wherever an opportunity occurs anywhere in Africa, special courses in French are offered to native adults. No educational advantage is denied the black race. The same doors are open to the colored man as to the white man, so far as his abilities permit him to advance. The central thought is to make French the universal language. We already have an example of the effect of such a policy upon political institutions in South America, where the native races have acquired the traits and have adopted the customs and institutions of the country whose tongue they speak.

Compulsory military service is viewed as an agency for the wholesale conversion of the natives into black Frenchmen, and for making their territories virtually an integral part of the Republic.

France is also making rapid headway in the subjugation of Morocco. One after another, the rebellious tribes are being subdued. The railway already in operation from Fez to Taza connects Morocco with Algeria. An ambitious plan for a railway net bringing together the territories of France north and

south of the Sahara is part of the present colonial policy of the government.

In a word, we find disintegrating and separatist movements at work everywhere in the Anglo-African possessions, and centralizing, consolidating tendencies at work in the Franco-African Empire. In the latter a policy has been started which will require years to produce its full fruits; a policy which in all probability the natives will eventually welcome and assist, although they revolt against certain features of that policy at present.

However, there is a common movement broader than the dominions of any European power, which has spread through Africa as a logical consequence of the employment of colored troops during the last war. This is the so-called Pan-African agitation. Its most radical form is known as Garveyism, so named after its founder and apostle, Marcus Garvey, 'the Black Moses' who aims to lead his colored brethren back to the land of their nativity. Garvey is a man some forty-five years old, who was born in Jamaica and is a journalist by profession. After serving as a staff writer upon a Catholic newspaper in his native island for fifteen years, and editing a paper for two years in Costa Rica, he has become an itinerant prophet and agitator among the black people. He is a convincing speaker and a successful promoter. He has founded numerous business enterprises, including the Universal Negro Improvement Association, which is said to have several million members in the United States and the West Indies. Every member pays dues of thirty-five cents a month, of which ten cents go into Garvey's treasury. These people own the Black Star Steamship Company with a nominal capital of ten million dollars, of which one million dollars is said to have been paid in; the *Negro World*, which has a circula-

tion of ten thousand in New York alone; the Negro Factories Corporation with a capital of fifteen thousand dollars, and other similar enterprises. The total sum invested in all these undertakings is reported to be over four million dollars. They are run by Negroes and for Negroes. Garvey's Universal Negro Improvement Association is the owner of Liberty Hall, a great meeting-place in 138th Street, New York, and an adjoining building. These serve as headquarters for the conventions, drills, and executive offices of the numerous associations of which that leader is the founder. Among the latter are the Black Cross Nurses Association and the Garvey Legion. The members of the latter wear uniforms and drill every evening at Liberty Hall for 'the coming day of Negro liberation.' Garvey advocates a union of all the colored races including the Hindus, Japanese, and Chinese, in alliance with the Bolsheviks, to overthrow the present supremacy of the white race.

Although Garvey's agitation has produced no serious effects in America and has passed almost unnoticed in Europe, it is making rapid progress. People may laugh at it in New York; but it is at least premature to belittle its possibilities in Africa. Moreover, the men who are agitating in Africa come back to Europe and America to propagate there the most fantastic ideas regarding that continent and its future. It seems a verified fact that missionaries of the Garvey doctrine have landed in Monrovia and have scattered from that centre along the west coast of the continent. Garvey's agents are reported to have been arrested at Stanley Pool. His paper, the *Negro World*, is on public sale in Lagos. Demobilized Senegalese soldiers have formed a secret society, to plot against the Whites, which has branches at several points along the Congo. Evidences of the same doc-

trine have been discovered near the headwaters of that river. Bishop Augouard, on a recent visit to France from his mission field, lamented the growing influence of Garvey's missionaries not only in Belgian Congo, but also in French Equatorial Africa. The Belgian press traces a connection between last spring's revolt in Kinshassa and Garvey's teachings. The Senegalese soldiers who have come back from Europe tell their fellow countrymen that they conquered the Germans, after the Germans had conquered the Belgians; and so they will make short work of the Belgians in the Congo when they once get at them. Missionaries from Lagos, Bida, and Darfur have carried the Garvey doctrine to Egypt, crossing the whole breadth of the continent.

England, France, and the United States are reported to have made friendly inquiries of the Government of Liberia regarding its attitude toward Garvey's agitation. Monrovia's small upper class of immigrant Negroes from America apparently has been little influenced by this movement, and the Government of Liberia officially discourages the use of that country as an economic and political centre for this propaganda. None the less, the mayor of Monrovia is still the 'Most High Potentate' of the African branch of the Garvey Society.

Africa is a land of rumors. News spreads the length and the breadth of the continent with surprising speed. The farther one gets from the coast, the more marvelous these reports. We have every reason to believe that Garvey's doctrine has penetrated nearly every portion of the continent, at least in some vague and distorted form, the gist of which is that the Negroes shall no longer be subordinate to the Whites, but shall henceforth be their equals or masters. The day when a man can

travel through the continent with a walking-stick is passing.

Let us turn now to the Negro Congress which held its successive sessions last August and September in London, Brussels, and Paris. This Congress repudiated Garvey's radical ideas, but resolved itself into a demonstration in favor of France and French colonial policy. The Congress was called by Dr. Burghardt du Bois, an American mulatto who has been prominent in his native country for many years as a race agitator. Its purpose was to draw together all Negro organizations throughout the world. The agenda included: the segregation of the colored races; the race problem in England, America, and South Africa; the native land problem in Africa; and a future programme. It was decided to hold sessions in the capital cities of the three nations having the largest Negro population in their colonies: England, Belgium, and France. The attendance at London and Brussels was very small; but some four hundred delegates from every portion of the world participated in the proceedings at Paris. Among the latter were representatives from every British and French colony in Africa, from Belgian Congo, from the Portuguese colonies, from the United States, and from the West Indies, and South America. The governments of Haiti, Abyssinia, and Liberia sent official delegates. Almost every Negro society was represented.

At the London session the radical ideas of du Bois, which approach those of Garvey himself, were in the ascendant, and force was preached as a possible alternative to attain the ends which the Negroes have in view. Either the Whites must grant the Blacks equality in Africa, or the two races must segregate themselves; which means, in other words, that the Whites must withdraw from the black continent. At Brussels,

Deputy Diagne, a member of the French Parliament from Senegal, presided. When he saw that radical ideas were likely to prevail there also, he arbitrarily terminated the session. At Paris the programme was cut and dried. The Congress opened with a visit to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier — since no one knew whether he was white or black. Then prepared interviews were published broadside in the Paris press, in which different colored leaders lauded Paris as the seat of race equality, where the Negro was as good as the white man. The newspapers gave full and sympathetic reports of the sessions. France, by this stroke of diplomacy, attained her purpose. Under the skillful leadership of the French deputy, Diagne, the Congress adopted a more moderate programme, a programme of evolution instead of revolution, culminating in a platform demanding equality of all *civilized* men without distinction of race; a systematic plan for educating the colored races; liberty for the natives to retain their own religion and manners; restoration of native titles to their former lands and to its produce; the establishment of an international institute to study and record the development of the black race; the protection of the black race by the League of Nations; and the creation of a separate section in the International Labor Bureau to deal with Negro labor.

But the most interesting section of this programme deals with race policy in the colonies. The short criticism of different governments adopted by this Congress handles England with special harshness. The charges against Great Britain are briefly these: that she had played false to her famous *pax Britannica*; that in spite of her lauded judiciary, her free-trade theories, her nominal recognition of native rights and customs, she purposely keeps her native subjects in ignorance, treats them as

slaves, refuses to train them in self-government, denies civilized Blacks recognition as civilized men, and refuses her black colonials the rights enjoyed by her white colonials. Belgium was treated somewhat better as a young colonial power, but the Congress was not satisfied with her. The resolutions referring to Portugal and Spain merely asserted that in those countries, race lines had never been drawn, that civilized Blacks had always been recognized as enjoying equal rights; but that unhappily the concessions in Portuguese colonies were in the hands of foreigners. The United States was declared to have imposed upon its colored citizens, in spite of the formal rights conferred upon them, humiliating conditions which made their life unendurable.

France alone of all the great colonial powers has in the opinion of the Congress endeavored to treat her colored citizens both legally and socially as the equals of her white citizens. She has admitted black men as deputies to her highest legislative assembly. She has granted them equal opportunities in her schools. The Negroes of the French colonies were asserted to have no cause for complaint.

Then the Congress proceeded to glorify France; and its 400 delegates from every part of the world, when they return to their homes, are expected to be apostles of the fame of France. Indeed the meeting was skillfully converted into a tool of French imperialism.

English journals dealing with colonial questions are much disturbed by this. They recognize that the Congress was an important gathering. They consider its proceedings seriously, and do justice to the desire the meetings revealed among the colored people for a rational solution of the problems

directly affecting them. Precisely for this reason the partiality the Congress showed for France as compared with England produced a painful impression. Sir Harry Johnston, one of the most eminent English specialists in matters relating to the Negroes, wrote: 'All in all, I am of the opinion that the French nation since 1871 has dealt with the Negro problem in Africa and in tropical America more wisely, prudently, and successfully than we English have done.'

Also the British West African Congress exhibited a similar sentiment toward France. The latter country is now regarded by the educated Negroes of Africa as the model colonial Power. The Negroes are consciously drawing a parallel between England and France which is most unfavorable to the former.

Naturally we must bear in mind that the work which France is doing affects only a small upper crust of Africa's black population. The dissatisfaction in the British colonies has hitherto been confined to an equally limited section of the race. Years and years must pass before the whole population is seized with these ideas. The great mass of the natives in the interior of France's colonial empire, especially the inhabitants of our former German-African colonies, are still bitterly hostile to France. It is too early to predict whether that country will be able to overcome this antagonism.

So far as British Africa is concerned, a sentence written by a well-known British author, in 1910, is very pertinent: 'Finally, it is perfectly certain that the race question is the rock upon which the British Empire will be wrecked, or the corner stone upon which the greatest political structure in the history of the world will be erected.'

FRANCE ON THE RHINE

BY RENÉ LAURET

From *La Revue de Genève*, December
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MAURICE BARRÈS has published under the title, *Le Génie du Rhin*, his lectures at the University of Strassburg. Previously he had delivered several speeches in the Chamber of Deputies of remarkable force, which were listened to with great attention, but elicited no official declaration from the government.

This distinguished publicist advocates a 'policy of autonomy,' directed not against Germany, but against Prussia; a policy both *spirituelle* and *temporelle*, that is to say, based upon material interests. One can readily understand why the French Government found it difficult to endorse this programme; a policy directed expressly against Prussia would hardly conform with the Treaty of Versailles, which recognizes a Germany but not a Prussia. It would be ill-received by the allies of France, who do not desire under any circumstances to interfere with Germany's domestic affairs. A temporal policy, which means an economic policy, looks toward knitting closer the business ties between the Rhine country and France, and is more practicable. However, France is concerned first and foremost with the problem of reparations. She must subordinate her commercial measures in the Rhine country to this contingency, which takes precedence even of her desire to establish herself permanently in that country or to conciliate its population. Her present policy along the Rhine is not primarily a Rhine policy, and can-

not be so except in an indirect and accessory way. Consequently the second part of the Barrès programme, what he calls a *politique spirituelle*, is just now of the more immediate interest. It is, moreover, the one which he is best fitted by his past experience, his analytical type of mind, and his profound knowledge of the *spirituelle* forces in national life, to elucidate.

We should not be deceived by the fact that he has modestly relegated this question to the second place, expressly recognizing the priority of material interests. The truth is that he really lays main stress upon affinities as determining the relations of peoples. By placing the Rhine policy at once on the psychological plane, Barrès enables us to view it from a loftier and a truer vantage ground.

His book contains both a thesis and a programme. His thesis is that the Rhine country has a peculiar character, distinctly different from that of Germany; but that its annexation to Prussia, and the labors of Prussian bureaucrats, professors, and intellectuals from beyond the Rhine, have distorted and falsified this character. He insists, on the other hand, that this region's contacts with France have always tended to restore its native symmetry and harmony. The programme he suggests, rather than defines, is for France to utilize her occupation on the Rhine to resume her interrupted labors, and to purify the Rheingold from the baser metals with which Prussia has alloyed it.

Behold these ruins and these countryside saturated with their peculiar legends: what is their spirit? Behold these cathedrals, these religious houses, these countless Catholic societies: what is their religious inspiration? Behold these factories, and furnaces, and mighty industrial enterprises: what is it that animates and guides the powerful economic forces they represent? These are questions whose answers point a way for our footsteps. The temperament of the Rhine is symbolized in the legends which cluster around its ruins; the religious sentiment of the Rhine is crystallized in its cathedrals; the energy and force of the Rhine is incorporated in its mighty industries. In these three groups of monuments we must seek the soul of the Rhine, and try to comprehend the Genius which slumbers along its course.

No better summary of what Barrès proposes can be given than these words. He says elsewhere: 'Spirit, heart, will; these are the three themes of our argument.'

With respect to the first, he tries to prove that the Rhineland, 'a country of legends and of natural beauty which moves us like music,' has been overrun by the Germans of the North, who have not only restored to their own taste its picturesque ruins, but have despoiled them of their native myths. The latter had a character of their own: they testified to a deeper human sympathy, and to an imagination less sombre than that which gave birth to the true German legends born on the frozen northern plains of the Baltic coast. The latter came at a relatively recent date to mingle with and overlay the native folklore of the Rhine. They were imported first by Grimm and his disciples, and later by Wagner, who set up Odin, Freya, and the ferocious gods of Valhalla, in place of the true deities of the Rhineland pantheon.

In the second division of his plea, Barrès describes how 'charity was organized along the Rhine by the im-

perial government of France.' Napoleon's prefects established hospitals, organized welfare work, and brought with them French Sisters of Charity. Even after 1815, their labor continued to bear fruit; for they left something of France behind them. They left buildings, a personnel, and an example; and what was better than institutions, a new spirit. A French seminary for priests was established at Mainz; a school for young girls at Aix-la-Chapelle, and societies of charitable ladies at Cologne and Trier. Prussian bureaucrats were hostile to this movement; but the new constitution of 1848 granted Catholics freedom to teach and to form societies. After that French works of charity multiplied. The Sisters of Saint Charles, who were the pioneers, were soon reinforced by the Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul, and even by teaching congregations like the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine.

After 1870, however, all connection between French religious and charitable organizations and the Rhine country was severed. In place of these, a great General Association of German Charities was founded, with headquarters at Freiburg. This machine handled affairs in the efficient but soulless manner of Prussian bureaucrats. It founded free schools, held annual meetings, published reviews and propaganda pamphlets, and maintained a corps of scholars and writers. It was a system which, in the words of Barrès, 'dried up the fountains of charity and made works of mercy as mechanical as a central heating plant, run by professors and statisticians.'

Finally, in a third chapter, which he calls 'French Currents in the Social Progress of Rhineland,' Barrès again contrasts French and Prussian methods. He recalls that in 1792 the French came to the Rhine as liberators. They suppressed the old privileged corpora-

tions and removed the obstacles which shackled commerce and industry. They enabled 'the forefathers of the great Rhenish financiers, manufacturers and merchants of to-day to become independent, and to found their own family fortunes.' Napoleon and his officials organized industrial expositions, encouraged invention by competitions and prizes, and established boards of trade and chambers of commerce. They built up a managing class of 'notables,' to take over the routine functions of government.

These distinguished persons, who were the founders of the good families of to-day were designed to be the centres around which the life and labor of the country revolved. But when Prussia annexed the Rhineland it showed no favors to these natural leaders. Barrès asserts that the Berlin bureaucracy crushed the new governing class then forming, placed obstacles in the way of local enterprise, forbade the formation of mining companies and insurance companies, and refused commerce and industry representation in the provincial assemblies. In a word, it did all in its power to defeat the efforts and aspirations of the middle class.

In substance, Barrès accuses Prussia, or Germany — he sometimes uses one word and sometimes the other — of (1) corrupting the folklore of the Rhine; (2) commercializing charity; (3) destroying the symmetrical and harmonious social system which existed when Napoleon's government withdrew.

We must distinguish, in his argument, between these accusations and the history of French intervention as he portrays it on the one hand, and his account of what is truly native to the Rhine on the other. This second portion of his book seems much more solid. The author of *Colline Inspirée* is also a clever amateur in folklore and

an interpreter of myths. He does not deny, in describing the 'River of Legends,' that he is moved by poetic and romantic emotion: 'a love such that I cannot see, even in the dullest page of the most insipid book, the name of this brilliant and mysterious river without experiencing a thrill, a sudden evocation of interest, an overpowering appeal to my attention.'

He has followed Victor Hugo's footsteps along the Rhine, and devotes some beautiful pages to this great Rhenish Frenchman, who 'was perfectly at home among the historic worthies dear to those regions,' and who, 'when he indulged in self-portrayal, represented himself as a Knight of the Rhine' under the features of Eviradnus.

Also when Barrès traces the record of French influence early in the nineteenth century, whether in charitable works or in revolutionary reconstruction, he revives the memory of definite facts, which it is well for the world to know. Likewise, the Frenchmen who now rule along the Rhine should be aware of what their predecessors did; and the natives of that region should not forget a chapter in their history which they perhaps are inclined to neglect.

On the other hand, when Barrès contrasts the abuses of Prussian hegemony with the influence of France, when he describes the 'invasion of Berlin Germanism' and the pretensions of 'Pan-Germanism,' even a Frenchman, no matter how hostile to the Teutons, — if he is gifted with the slightest ability to reflect, — will hesitate to adopt the author's conclusions. Some of his criticisms of men and policies beyond the Rhine may be just; but they are weakened at the outset by his confusing three distinct terms: Germanism, Pan-Germanism, and Prussianism.

Barrès can make the distinction perfectly well when he wishes; but in this case, having in mind, perhaps, that he was talking to Alsatians, he seems to forget that the people he describes are Germans, and that though all the inhabitants of the Rhine country are not Pan-Germans, or even lovers of Prussia, this does not prevent their feeling an attachment for Germany. Is it not a dangerous game to condemn everything that comes from a country of which these people are, after all, an integral part? When Barrès contrasts the legends of the Rhine with those of Saxony, he sets up the Rhine country against Germany. Would it not be truer and fairer to represent these two legend cycles as two different products of the Germanic imagination? They are alike in being told in the same tongue, and that is a detail of supreme importance. It explains why the Rhine, even at a comparatively recent period, could so completely assimilate the Wagnerian legends. While it may be true that Grimm mutilated the mythology of the Rhine, and that Wagner dethroned its native deities, none the less, the latter divinities are close kin to the gods of Valhalla, and speak their language. This is why the legends of the Rhine are incomparably more popular at Hanover or Königsberg, than at Marseilles or Paris. Even Victor Hugo could not domesticate them in the city on the Seine.

A common tongue makes Rhineland a part of Germany in its literature, as well as its legends; and the identity is only strengthened by efforts to deny it. Barrès remarks that Goethe spoke truly, when he said: 'Rhineland represents the best results of French civilization in these regions.' But whatever sympathy that country may have had with France, whatever affinity it may have felt for Greco-Latin culture, it never dreamed for an instant of adopt-

ing the French language. It never denied its mother tongue. And what an infinitude of German characteristics it has thereby absorbed! Likewise, every Rhinelander who has been temporarily drawn toward France has finished by returning to the bosom of the Fatherland. Heine himself, after years of residence in Paris, and constant mockery of his own country, could not refrain from declaring his loyalty to it.

Consequently, it is treading on most dangerous ground to seek to steal the 'Genius of the Rhine' from Germany. Prussianism Barrès attacks in a more categorical fashion. He seeks to prove that the Prussian spirit and Prussian methods are in conflict with the Rhenish character. He emphasizes this contrast in his account of the charitable works and social transformations which followed the French Revolution. While admitting that there is much substance in his contentions, we are forced to inquire whether they are not too retrospective; whether we can pass judgment so summarily upon an influence so complex as that of Prussia, and reduce it so simply to one or two constituents.

Is it true that Prussia smothered, as Barrès says, the middle classes, the 'notables,' upon whom Napoleon sought to base his institutions? However that may be, economic progress is doing precisely what Prussian influence is charged with doing. In every country of the world we see the bourgeoisie assailed and driven back — crushed between the trade unions and the trusts. It is unable to resist these two great forces of to-day, that tend to destroy it or to draw it within their orbit. If some countries, like France, have made less progress in this path of evolution, they are none the less obedient to its laws. Their delay is not entirely to their profit. In commercial competition

between nations, countries like the United States and Germany, where industrial concentration has reached its highest point, possess a great advantage.

Furthermore, when Barrès recognizes that material interests take priority, can he forget that the prodigious industrial development of the Rhine country occurred under Prussian rule? In his historical retrospect he must have been aware that prior to their annexation to Prussia these territories were not a political unit, but were divided into several electorates, free cities, and trans-Rhenish states; and that it was as a single Prussian province that they became part of a reunited Germany.

These facts do not argue in favor of Prussia in the eyes of an enemy of that country, or even a disinterested spectator; but they may do so in the eyes of a Rhinelander, and that is all-important. Barrès's whole argument aims toward formulating a Rhine policy. He seeks to influence the conduct of France toward the people of the Rhine valley. But should not the first principle of this policy be to respect the sentiment of those people? Does this not mean ascertaining what that sentiment is to-day, and forecasting its reaction to the measures France adopts?

Many Frenchmen will say: We know perfectly well the deep roots which Prussia has thrust into Rhenish soil; but we shall try to remove them. France is entitled to oppose its ideals to those of its adversary; to utilize its intellect, its merit, its methods, in a country which it formerly occupied and which it is to occupy for fifteen years to come.

To this it may be answered: But the very interest of France demands that we know, not what France should do, but what it can do. It is a fine thing to play the rôle to which we aspire,

provided that the effect we produce is not the exact opposite of what we seek.

This brings us to the decisive canon by which to judge the whole question of French policy upon the Rhine, not only as it is conceived by Barrès, but as many other Frenchmen, more or less in sympathy with his views, conceive it. It applies not only to the *politique spirituelle* which he outlines in his *Le Génie du Rhin*, but also to what he calls a policy of anti-Prussian autonomy, and to the economic policy in which he urges the chambers of commerce, the trade unions, and the employers' associations of France to co-operate.

Is that policy to be anti-German, anti-Prussian, or merely conciliatory? We have already seen that Barrès seems to hesitate between the first two of these three possibilities. When he discusses politics and social and religious measures, he is particularly anti-Prussian, while in respect to folklore and literature he ranges himself against Germany as a whole. We have just suggested how dangerous trying to convince the people of the Rhine that they are different from other Germans may prove to be. This will merely emphasize in their minds the fact that they are Germans. Are we on safer ground in trying to cultivate hatred for Prussia in their hearts?

Many Frenchmen imagine — and Barrès seems to be among them — that this antipathy to the Prussians is universal and profound among the Rhine people. We venture to express the opposite opinion. In any case, it is not to the interest of France just now to injure Prussia more than any other German state. The great issue dividing France and its recent enemies — that of reparation — does not concern Prussia alone, but Germany as a whole. The Prussia of to-day is more democratic than Bavaria; it is the state that

defeated the Kapp revolt and, to the best of its ability, is to-day defending republican institutions against the Bavarian monarchists.

So it is hard to see what profit France would gain by separating Prussia from the Rhineland. That is a German domestic question, which has nothing to do with the policies of the nation as a whole. These policies are directed from Berlin. Whether Baden or Württemberg or Saxony annex themselves to Prussia instead of remaining independent states is not a matter which concerns France. To fancy that such questions are important, is to base one's ideas on ancient history, which has no practical influence upon the events of the moment. The time when the German states preserved semi-independence within the Empire has long passed. Their autonomy to-day is merely that of territories within a decentralized government, which is evolving rapidly toward high centralization.

Any Rhine policy which neglects these elementary facts will be fanciful and adventurous. An artificially fostered intellectual movement, which seeks to distinguish between the mentality of the Rhineland and that of the rest of Germany, is certain to be resented by the Rhenish people as an attempt to denationalize them; as an effort to make them betray their German fatherland, to which they know in their hearts that they belong.

Some will ask: Are you not ready, then, to combat the ideal which is the corner stone of Pan-Germanism — the worship of brute force which was responsible for the arrogance and debasement of imperial Germany, and which still enjoys prestige in the eyes of republican Germans?

There is a very simple way of inducing this nation to renounce its Pan-Germanism. Barrès himself suggests it. He says: 'To repulse the Prussian in-

vasion on the Rhine we should be better than the Prussians.' He suggests in certain passages of his book and lectures a plan for an intellectual campaign which, in his words, would be 'full of reconciliation.' In his preface to *Le Génie du Rhin* he says that the ardent, generous, and receptive youth of Germany might gain much by inhaling a breath of different air beyond the boundaries of their country. We are engaged to-day in the solution of many problems of culture, which affect the whole world. There will be a reciprocity of labor in this field. We Frenchmen possess logical minds, a certain consistency of sentiment and reason; but we suffer from an undue equilibrium of soul. We feel the need of disharmony, of problems, of contrasts, of rugged tasks. I observe that longing among our young people and understand it. Our fathers have bequeathed to us method, clarity of purpose, mental poise, a sense of proportion, a geometrical type of mind; but we have not inherited the faculty of handling difficulties, of dealing with variety, of adapting ourselves to the thousand demands of daily life. Just visit the Rhineland, there at the farthest limit of Latin territory. Watch this Germany in the light of the Rhine and of French glory, and you will discover a formidable fermentation among its restless and tortured people. And you will be conscious of that profound delight of which Novalis dreamed when he said: 'It is necessary that chaos should shine through the veil of system and order.'

That author, then, suggests what might be a whole programme of reciprocal interaction between French and German culture along the Rhine, for which the double affinities of the people who dwell by its course may prepare the way. That contact between our two national mentalities,

established in early days by the great writers of the Rhine, such as Goethe and Heine, and on the French side by Victor Hugo, might well be renewed by the French and Germans who are now meeting there. Why does not the Genius of France present herself there, not as a mistress, not seeking to exclude her rivals, but merely eager to be known and to know others? This is the spirit behind many fine things which have already been done along the Rhine, such as the Wagner cycle given at Wiesbaden last year, and the exhibition of French paintings this past summer. Let us hope for many similar occasions in the future, and that their influence may be reinforced by the meeting of young Frenchmen and young Germans in the same schools, and by closer intellectual contact between the scholars of the two countries.

When Barrès declares that throughout eastern France a sentiment dwells unformulated in the minds of the people, something floating between heaven and earth, which has always told us that cities politically separated — like Nancy, Metz, Luxemburg, Strassburg, Trier — are nevertheless still closely akin; when he says that he finds 'in ancient Lorraine his perfect moral climate,' one cannot refrain from observing that this is largely a personal sentiment. The ancient kingdom of Austrasia, 'debaptized' by

Lothaire, has not represented for many centuries a political reality. The most that one might say is, that the same poetical atmosphere envelops this whole region. But a policy of drawing closer together the frontier provinces of France and of Germany, for the purpose of mutual comprehension, may prove most beneficent and fruitful. The two countries might have common marketplaces for their intellectual and spiritual wares; one on French territory, in Alsace, the other on German territory, in the Rhineland. These might become the homes of men equally familiar with both civilizations, and serving as interpreters between them. If we follow this policy, the Rhine country, fitted for this rôle by fifteen years of French occupation, will be well qualified to continue it thereafter; and so long as the occupation continues, the justice of our aims, the good-will of our officials, and the kind-heartedness and humane intentions of our French soldiers, will run no danger of being misunderstood and distrusted.

In truth these two ways, in which France may guard the Genius of the Rhine, call for much the same procedure, much the same policy. They differ only by a nuance; but it is probable that the whole future of our relations with Germany will depend on this nuance.

OUR NEW PROGRAMME

BY NIKOLAI LENIN

From *Special Anniversary Number, Moscow Pravda, November 6, 7*
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THE best way to celebrate the anniversary of a great revolution is to centre all attention on its unsolved problems. Such a celebration of a revolution is especially necessary and proper when there are in existence basic problems that require solution; and when it is necessary to do things that are quite novel, from the point of view of the course that the revolution has run hitherto, in order to solve those problems.

What is new and novel at the present moment, so far as our revolution is concerned, is the necessity which compels us to adopt a 'reformist,' gradual, cautious policy toward fundamental economic questions. This 'novelty' raises many doubts of both a theoretical and a practical nature.

The first theoretical question is: How can we justify our change from revolutionary to 'reformist' policies, when the revolution as a whole marches on triumphantly? Is this not 'giving up positions,' 'acknowledging failure,' or something of that sort? All our enemies say that it is. And even our friends are puzzled.

For three years, up to the spring of 1921, our plan was to revive our large-scale industries and to organize a system of exchanging their products with the peasants, while endeavoring to socialize agriculture. In order to revive our large-scale industries, we proposed to take from the peasants a certain amount of foodstuffs and raw materials as a sort of loan, by means of requisitions. This was the revolution-

ary approach to the problem of breaking up the old social and political order and of substituting for it a new order.

Since the spring of 1921, we have been trying — though we have not as yet really introduced it — another plan, which is reformist in its character. We are no longer trying to *break up* the old social and economic order, with its trade, its small-scale economy and private initiative, its capitalism, but we are now trying to *revive* trade, private enterprise, and capitalism, at the same time gradually and cautiously subjecting them to State regulation just so far as they revive.

This is an entirely different way of attacking the problem. By comparison with the preceding revolutionary method, it is reformist; since a revolution shatters the old to its very foundations, instead of reforming it slowly, gradually, and cautiously, with as little disturbance as possible.

Now if after testing revolutionary methods, we declare them a failure and substitute reformist methods, does that mean that we pronounce revolution itself a blunder? Does not this prove that we should not have begun with the revolution in the first place, but with reforms?

Such a deduction is either sophistry or plain dishonesty, when advanced by men who have gone through the actual experience of a great political overturn. A real revolutionist's greatest danger lies in exaggerating revolution, in forgetting the limitations to a successful and proper application of revolution-

any methods. Most real revolutionists have brain storm when they begin to write the word, 'Revolution,' with a capital R, when they begin to exalt revolution to a divinity. They lose their heads and become incapable of coolly and sanely deciding at what moment it is necessary to apply revolutionary methods, and when it becomes essential to use reform methods. Real revolutionists perish — not through defeat from without, but through failure from within — just as soon as they lose their sanity and begin to fancy that the 'great, triumphant, world revolution' is a final end in itself, and that all problems, under all conditions, in all fields of action, can and should be solved solely by revolution. Such thoughts are stupid, and in the heat of fighting, since the revolution is the most intense of wars, the price paid for stupidity is defeat.

Engels was wont to stress the fact that stupid and foolish things are done in the course of a revolution, as well as in other times. It should be our endeavor to commit as few stupid and foolish actions as possible, to repair those already made, to determine as carefully as possible what can be accomplished by revolution, and what cannot. Our own experience shows us that the Brest-Litovsk peace was not a revolutionary, but a reformist act, or even worse than reformist; since, as a general thing, reformist activities usually move forward carefully, slowly, cautiously, but still forward, while our act at Brest was a step backward. Yet the correctness of our tactics in concluding the Brest-Litovsk treaty has now been so thoroughly proved, that there is no use wasting words arguing about it.

First, we thereby withdrew from the imperialist World War and effectually interfered with the mutual slaughter of two groups of international capitalistic

vultures. As far as we Russians are concerned, our job here is finished. The entire completion of the work can come only as a result of a revolution in the important countries of the world.

We created the Soviet State, which incorporates the dictatorship of the proletariat. A world change has taken place. The epoch of bourgeois-democratic parliamentarism is over. A new chapter of the world's history has begun: the epoch of proletarian dictatorship. Much of the work here has not yet been carried to completion. It would be unpardonable to overlook that. More than once shall we have to make over, to start again at the beginning, to change things around. Every step forward and upward in developing the productive forces of the country, and in advancing its culture, will have to be accompanied by changes in our Soviet system; and we are still on a very low stage of development with regard to our productive forces and our culture. Many changes are still in store for us, and it would be absurd or worse than absurd to let that fact trouble us.

We have begun to lay the foundation of the new Socialist order. In this field, the most fundamental things still remain undone. And we here face the most important of our tasks, from the viewpoint of theory, of the practical needs of the Russian Soviet Republic, and of the international proletariat.

In April 1918, in 'The Current Tasks of the Soviet Authority,' I wrote: —

It is not sufficient to be a revolutionary or a follower of Socialism and Communism generally. It is necessary to be able at each given moment to find that special link of the chain which should be grasped with all our strength in order to keep the whole chain in its place and to prepare the transition to the next link; and it should be also remembered that the order of these links, their form, their joints, their difference from

each other in the historic chain of events, are by no means as simple as in an ordinary chain, forged by a blacksmith.

At the present moment the link we have to deal with is reviving internal *trade* under proper government regulation. Trade is the link in the historic chain of events, which we must forge in the period of 1921-22. If we forge this link sufficiently strong now, we shall surely make good our title to the whole of the chain. Otherwise we shall not obtain possession of this chain and shall not be able to lay the foundation of Socialism in other fields of production.

No doubt, this appears strange. Communism and private trading! There seems to be such a distance between the two, such an incongruity in the bracketing of the two together. But if we think economically for a moment, we shall see that the two are no more incongruous than the existence side by side of Communism and of patriarchal, small-peasant agriculture.

When we shall have conquered the whole world, I think we shall use all the gold in the world for making public lavatories in the streets of some of its largest cities. That would be the most appropriate and instructive use to which gold could be put; for those generations will still remember how for the sake of gold, ten million men were killed and thirty million were crippled in the 'great and liberating' war of 1914-18, in that war which was fought for the purpose of deciding which peace treaty was worse, the Brest or the Versailles. That generation also will remember how, for the sake of that same gold, twenty million men were killed and sixty million crippled in a war fought in 1925, or possibly in 1928, between Japan and America or between England and America.

But no matter how 'appropriate,' how useful and humanitarian, it would

be thus to employ our gold, we must admit that it will take a decade or two of labor as intensive as that of 1917-21, and on a much larger scale, before we shall be in a position to do this. In the meantime, we must take good care of our gold in Soviet Russia, sell it for as high a price as possible, buy goods for it as cheaply as possible. When you live with the wolves, you must howl as they do. And as for exterminating the wolves as would be proper in sensible human society, we must remember the good Russian proverb: 'Don't boast when you go into battle; boast when you return from battle.'

Private trading is the only possible economic connection between tens of millions of peasants and our large-scale industries, so long as we do not have dispersed among these peasants an excellently developed industrial system, with a net-work of electrical connections, and with a local organization that can supply these small-scale farmers with better goods, in larger quantities, more cheaply and more quickly than heretofore. On a world scale this 'if' is already a reality, this condition is already a possibility; but it happens that Russia, economically one of the most backward capitalistic countries, in attempting to change its system at once, and to establish new connections between industry and agriculture, has not succeeded in its 'storm attack,' and finds itself forced to resort to slow and gradual 'siege' operations.

A proletarian State authority can take control of trade, direct it into the necessary channels, and give it the proper guidance. Here is a very simple illustration. In the Donetz coal basin there is a noticeable revival of activity, which is the result of increasing the output of the larger State-owned mines, and also of introducing a system of leasing small mines to the peasantry. The State thus obtains a certain

amount of coal at a certain price and sells it to other State institutions at, say, twenty per cent profit and to private individuals at, say, forty per cent profit. These are not the exact figures, for I do not know what the exact calculations are and would not make them public at this time if I knew them. But I give them as an illustration of how we are beginning, little by little, to acquire control of the exchange of commodities between industry and agriculture, of wholesale trade, of small-scale industry which is still at work or large-scale industry which is badly disorganized. By stimulating trade in any of these fields, we impress the peasant, who is the true representative of the masses; and we systematically and persistently pursue our larger goal of reviving large-scale industries.

Let us not fall into the abyss of emotional Socialism, that old Russian, semi-aristocratic, semi-peasant patriarchal contempt for trade. It is permissible and imperative to employ any transitional form which may prove expedient to bring the peasantry and the proletariat together and to stimulate agriculture in our disorganized and suffering country, as a first step toward reorganizing industry and hastening more important and far-reaching measures, such as electrification.

After the victory of the proletariat, at least in one country, we have a new relation between revolution and reform. Why could we survive the Brest retreat? Because we had gone so far forward, that we had room for a retreat. In the course of a few weeks, between November 1917 and the Brest peace, we made a bewildering advance, constructed the Soviet State, withdrew from the war in a revolutionary fash-

ion, finished the work of the bourgeois-democratic revolution. Consequently, even the great backward movement which the Brest peace forced upon us still left us enough positions to reform our battalions and then to move triumphantly forward, against Kolchak, Denikin, Yudenitch, Pilsudsky, and Wrangel.

Before the victory of the proletariat, reforms are subsidiary agencies in the revolutionary class struggle. After the victory, while still subsidiary on an international scale, they become for the country in which the victory has been won a necessary and proper device for relieving a maximum strain on those forces of the revolution that may have become temporarily insufficient for the accomplishment of this or that specific task. The victory does, however, so add to our power, that it is possible for us to survive a retreat with ample material and moral resources. Material resources mean such a reserve of strength that the foe cannot crush us completely. Moral resources mean immunity against internal demoralization and disorganization, cool nerves, courage, capacity to retreat no matter how far, but never too far, and then to turn at the right moment and resume our advance.

We retreated to State capitalism. But we retreated just far enough. We are now retreating to State regulation of trade. We shall retreat only far enough. There are already indications that the end of our retirement is in sight, that in a future not very distant, it will be possible to stop the retreat. The more sensibly, the more ably we conduct our retirement, the sooner it will be possible to stop, and the swifter and farther will be our subsequent triumphant advance.

PRESENT CONDITION OF RUSSIAN INDUSTRY

BY ERNST PEIPERS

[The author of this article is a prominent engineer, who was in charge of one of the largest furnaces and foundries in South Russia from January 1914 until a few months ago. During his service with the Soviet government he traveled extensively in that country.]

From *Kölnische Zeitung*, December 14, 15
(CONSERVATIVE DAILY, BRITISH OCCUPIED TERRITORY)

WHEN I left Ekaterinoslav, in South Russia, late last August, after eight years of continuous service in that country's industrial establishments, the iron trades were in the worst condition they had experienced since the beginning of the Revolution. This was due partly to the unexampled crop failure, which did not affect the Volga region alone, but also afflicted to some extent every one of the southern departments, wheremost of the mines and furnaces of the former Empire are concentrated.

The coal output of the Donetz basin, which before the war averaged one hundred and fifty million poods a month, had declined to about twenty-five million poods by the beginning of 1921. Although the government's programme looked to increasing this output to forty million poods by the end of the year, the production continued to decline, falling to thirteen million poods in the month of August. Since it takes some twelve million poods to operate the mines, nothing whatever is now left for industrial uses and household consumption.

A striking evidence of this was given by the railways. The locomotives, even on the lines running directly through the colliery district, were forced to use wood fuel.

Petroleum production is decidedly better, and fairly well managed so far as conditions permit. Three thou-

sand tank cars of oil are assigned the Ukraine monthly, and are transported by special trains to their points of consumption. In order to relieve the car shortage so far as possible, consignees are obliged to empty the tanks at once under pain of heavy penalties. Station masters are ordered to attach empty tank cars to any train whatsoever in order to return them to the wells as soon as possible. In response to these energetic measures there has been some revival of manufacturing. The sugar mills in the vicinity of Kief were provided with oil fuel. At the end of August the quantity stored at Ekaterinoslav was about two hundred thousand poods. We must bear in mind that the fuel oil of the Caucasus can be transported only during the summer months, since its high paraffin content causes it to clog the tank cars in cold weather. A great cement reservoir capable of holding one hundred and twenty thousand poods of oil has been built to hold the winter supply.

In building this immense container the Soviet government reverted for the first time to the old system of contracts. The head contractor subcontracted directly to the laborers, under conditions which permitted every person employed to buy plenty of food for himself and his family at current market prices. As a result this reservoir was completed in a little over three months.

It would have taken as many years under the system which the Communists have hitherto employed.

Still the supplies of petroleum and benzine are much smaller than before the war. Private individuals cannot secure either except in the form of premiums to laborers and officials. However, there is an abundance of lubricants. So few factories are running that the supply is sufficient for several years at the present rate of consumption. Moreover, there would be sufficient fuel oil under normal conditions, but the scarcity of coal has greatly increased the demand. Since none of the large factories and furnaces have Diesel motors or other internal combustion engines, they are forced to use oil under their steam boilers, which for the most part operate at half pressure. As a consequence there is a consumption of about two kilogrammes of oil per horsepower hour, where one tenth of this amount would be sufficient if Diesel motors or other internal combustion engines were in use.

Oil fuel is employed to best advantage in the large flour mills of South Russia, where steam engines carry a full load. Upon an average, one pood of fuel oil will grind from ten to fifteen poods of grain. However, were Diesel motors employed, one pood of oil would grind fifty to sixty poods of grain. Since Russia is certain to have a coal shortage for a long time to come, and its oil wells are likely to continue producing satisfactorily, a great future market for Diesel engines and other motors of that character is promised in this region.

Only one of the blast furnaces in South Russia — Yusovka Furnace — was in operation last year. It produced a little pig iron, but had to blow out after a few weeks from lack of coke. Martin steel furnaces and rolling mills were preparing to start work, but were

unable to do so on account of fuel shortage.

Until last summer the Soviet government enforced the strictest kind of wage schedule in remunerating its employees, and labor unions at Moscow saw to it carefully that no factory manager paid more. The worst sufferers from this policy were the workmen and the factories. Subcontracting and similar devices were not permitted; but wages were regulated by the Rouen system, under which the more a worker produces in excess of the established minimum the less he is paid for his surplus output. Every employee was supposed to receive as a ration a pound and a half of bread for himself and a pound for every member of his family. But the government was able to furnish this only a few weeks each year. Sometimes the worker received a pound a day, and for weeks or months he received nothing. During such periods he theoretically had to support himself from his wages, which were not sufficient to provide him with food purchased in the open market for more than a few days each month. He therefore was compelled to eke out his income by other means. For weeks men would absent themselves from work while engaged in speculating in provisions. Others set up private shops at home where they made fishhooks, safety pins, knives, flints and steels. The manufacture of the latter became a lively trade. The benchmen in all the factories devoted their main attention to such articles. This was even referred to in the official Bolshevik paper, Moscow *Pravda*, which observed last summer that the new system of remuneration would stop such private manufacturing. Many men supported themselves by stealing and selling shop equipment. They would take anything; windowpanes, tools, cogwheels, bolts, pinions, cocks, even the chains off the cranes. Everything

disappeared by this pillaging. Such thefts were facilitated by the fact that the works were in operation only part of the time, and it was not difficult to detach parts from the machines when they were standing idle. It was impossible to search the workers when they left; no one would undertake the task, for all were either guilty themselves or intimidated by their fellows. One can imagine what the condition of many factories is at present.

Since fuel is extraordinarily expensive — a pood, or thirty-three pounds, of wood costing six thousand rubles, which is twice a day's wages at Ekaterinoslav — it is impossible to keep the men from stealing. All the wooden cupboards, chests, belt coverings, and similar constructions in the factories have long since been used for fuel, and recently in some establishments even the floors have been taken up and burned.

Last summer, when the effects of the coming famine already began to make themselves felt, and the government was obviously unable to furnish food to its employees, a radical reform was adopted. First of all, even government factories received permission to buy provisions directly from the country people through the agency of coöperatives organized in each establishment. Previously, anyone who wanted a little cogwheel, for instance, to replace a broken one, had to have his order endorsed by some five Bolshevik offices before he could obtain it. This required several weeks, and meantime the machine or mill stood idle. So serious was the situation that fugitive moulders and founders erected numerous tiny furnaces out in the country, where they fused metal in a hole in the ground and cast small articles.

The new reform has changed all this. A person who needs a utensil, or a cogwheel, can buy it at a fixed price, part

of which is reckoned in grain and part in money. Although the scarcity of grain has prevented such transactions from assuming their normal volume the past year, nevertheless sufficient orders have come in to give new life to the works, and these orders are filled with a celerity undreamed of since the Revolution. Until recently a Soviet worker's daily wage, measured in the pre-war purchasing power of money, was only from three to six kopecks (one and a half to three cents in American money). It is now equivalent to twenty or thirty kopecks. Though this is only one tenth the rate before the Revolution, when employees in this section were paid from two to three rubles, the present wage approaches the minimum necessary for existence. Before the war, this was in the neighborhood of forty kopecks a day.

Early in May 1921, a scarcity of paper money made itself felt throughout South Russia. It occurred just at the time when subcontracting and free bargaining between workers and managers was introduced, and the salaries of Soviet officials were increased. The note presses could not keep pace with the demand; consequently, instead of printing bills of 10,000 rubles they began to print bills of from 25,000 to 100,000 rubles. Yet so severe was the money famine that with a few exceptions no wages or salaries were paid between the end of May and the first of September.

Since the iron furnaces produced practically nothing last year, and the only departments of the iron works in operation were those manufacturing wire, plates, tubes, steel, castings, and the like, the supply of pig iron and ingots has been nearly exhausted, and even these departments must cease operating unless furnaces are speedily blown in.

In Central and North Russia, where

the Soviet government has been in control for four years, the general situation is much better than in the South, which has suffered from the ravages of civil war. For instance, in Ekaterinoslav, where I was last stationed, there have been seven changes of government within four years, every one of which was accompanied by fighting. One sees the result of this everywhere. The magnificent bridge over the Dnieper has been destroyed; many houses and business structures have been ruined, and innumerable windows have been broken out and are now boarded up. The destruction of Dnieper bridge was carried out by Machno, the so-called anarchist peasant leader. The ruin wrought to the buildings of the town itself was due to Denikin's Cossacks. Most of the southern cities are a sad sight.

As a result of this destruction there are not houses enough for the people. To make matters worse, the Bolshevik authorities have commandeered whole city blocks for their offices.

Moscow presents a far better appearance; there are no evidences of violent destruction. People on the streets are incomparably better clothed. The Red army and militia are well disciplined, and one sees fashionable-looking officers. A person coming from South Russia to Moscow gets quite a new idea of the Soviet government. He finds the latter city relatively clean, and is impressed by the numerous automobiles in use. Most of these were captured by the Soviet government from Denikin and Wrangel. Furthermore, a large number of factories are in operation at Moscow. One Martin steel furnace is being run there with crude oil fuel. However, it is kept in blast only eight hours a day. The management excuses this irrational procedure by the lack of skilled furnace men. Besides this Martin furnace another

furnace is in blast; at the Kulebaki works at Murom, on the Oka. There likewise crude oil is used. So far as I know these were the only two steel furnaces in blast in all Russia last September.

Railway operations are also the worst disorganized in South Russia. On most divisions there is but a single passenger train a week, and wood is the only fuel. What causes the constant interruption of transportation in this region is the existence of insurrectionary bands, like the remnants of Mancho's followers. These groups of plunderers constantly attack railway trains, especially those carrying passengers. The latter are robbed of everything they possess, and any Communists discovered among them are killed on the spot. For this reason Bolshevik officials and commanders in Soviet Russia generally travel in armored trains, or at least in armored cars upon ordinary trains. During the Revolution armored trains played an important part in Russia. The Soviet government has a large number of them at its disposal. Those of modern construction are excellently designed and effective. Most of the cars have two revolving turrets containing 7.5-centimetre guns. A few are armored with 15-centimetre naval guns, which have a range of nine to twelve miles. If the attacking band has no artillery it is forced to beat a speedy retreat, no matter how superior it may be in numbers, as soon as an armored train approaches. On the other hand, a heavy gun mounted on the rear car of a train will keep a pursuing armored train at a distance, since the latter offers a vulnerable mark from that position.

Between Kharkof and Moscow, four passenger trains a week are running. Each locomotive uses crude oil, and consequently is able to haul trains of fifty cars at a fair rate of speed. Three

passenger cars run daily between Moscow and Petrograd. The locomotives on this line, like all of those which run through forest country, use wood fuel. However, the yard locomotives at Petrograd burn oil. Most passenger trains consist almost entirely of freight cars, because all the comfortable Russian passenger cars which are still serviceable are monopolized by government officials and the army.

Coming now to the all-important question of reconstruction, many assume that this will be impossible so long as the Soviet government remains. That may prove a gross error. The Denikin episode showed that it takes a long time to create a reliable and incorruptible civil service in a country where government has utterly broken down. Bribery, insecurity, and speculation were probably worse under Denikin than under the Soviet government. In spite of this, business revived decidedly under private initiative, and food immediately became cheaper. Now that the Soviet government, having changed its policy, permits free dealing in merchandise, recognizes to some extent the right of private property, and has given employers more freedom of action, a revival does not lie beyond the bounds of possibility. Since all foreign trade is still a state monopoly, things may go slow for a time. This state monopoly of foreign trade can probably be tolerated at first. However, manufacturers must have an opportunity to secure speedily from abroad new parts to replace their defective machinery and new equipment. As time goes on government control of foreign trade will have to go.

Furthermore, the whole government machine must be reformed with an eye to the business needs of the country. The Soviet government will have to cut down its army of millions of unproductive officials and other parasites,

and put them to work in useful occupations. That government knows already that it cannot set Russia on its feet again without foreign aid.

Very naturally outsiders have been slow in snapping up Russian concessions. In view of the uncertainty which still prevails many are frightened at the alleged 'dictatorship of the proletariat.' If you look the facts directly in the face, you find that there most certainly is a dictatorship in Russia; but the proletariat has less say in that dictatorship than it has in nearly any other country in the world. The old bourgeoisie is extinct; a new bourgeoisie has taken its place. The latter is nicknamed in Russia, the *sobbur* — Soviet bourgeoisie. This class has the government so firmly in its hands, and crushes so relentlessly any movement which it suspects of even the slightest design to overthrow it, that a change of government is practically inconceivable.

Men of great influence in Moscow, who know conditions there perfectly, have told me personally that an improvement in the situation will be possible only as the Soviet government surrenders little by little its Utopian idea. At the same time they insist that foreign intervention, as we know from previous incidents, would only make the present situation worse. Such workers as remain in the factories have been the worst sufferers of all at the hands of the so-called labor government. They will make most excellent hands for any foreign employer who comes to Russia and gives them an opportunity to earn a comfortable living by faithful service.

The primary question just now is: With what would you begin in Russia? It would be a blunder to build works for making agricultural machinery, although such machinery is urgently needed, so long as the factories already in existence are idle for lack of raw ma-

terials. We must begin at the foundation. The first thing is to increase the production of coal and coke. The most important and difficult task is to provide food for one's workers, and it is almost impossible to do this at reasonable expense from abroad on account of the interruption and high cost of transportation. A foreign concessioner ought to lease enough land at the outset of his enterprise to raise food for his employees.

A company would have the best prospect of success which established itself near one of the German colonies already existing in South Russia. It should have an understanding with the Soviet government that this colony would be relieved from the necessity of supplying grain to the authorities, and that it should not have soldiers permanently quartered upon it. Since the colonists cannot till their large holdings from lack of draft animals, the company should import at once motor ploughs, to be paid for from subsequent crops. Before the war a single German colonist farmer in South Russia, working his land with his own sons and without hired labor, often raised from five thousand to ten thousand bushels of wheat. The land is just as good as it ever was; all it needs is to be cultivated to produce in normal seasons similar crops.

The company receiving the concession should pay part of the wages of each employee in the currency of the country, and another part in store orders, entitling the recipient to a definite quantity of provisions, clothing, shoes, and the like. Naturally a concessioner should not commit the same error into which the Soviet government fell, and give his employees a free bread ration.

That would lessen their industry at once. The company, which I assume would be producing coal and coke, must be guaranteed complete liberty to dispose of its product as it sees fit, after delivering a percentage, specified in its contract with the government, to the public authorities. Just now the price of coal and coke is very high, since only stolen goods are in the market. For instance, I personally know a case where a mill owner out in the country paid one third its weight in wheat for anthracite coal.

The shortage of factory and mine labor in Russia is a very real one. Many former workers have lost their lives in battle, or fallen victims to epidemics. Others have obtained a piece of land in the general distribution of the big estates, and will never return to wage-earning occupations. A third class of laborers consisted of Letts and Poles, practically all of whom have gone back home. Consequently a new company establishing itself in the mining districts will have to import skilled mechanics and miners, as well as engineers and foremen. It will be very difficult to house these people. Another important point is the success which the Soviet government may have in securing locomotives and rolling stock abroad. These must be provided before a company can market its coal and coke. When the mines are again in operation, we can proceed to restart our furnaces. In a word, everything must be done step by step, in logical order, until gradually the steel furnaces and rolling mills are brought into operation again, and are ready to supply materials for the Russian locomotive works and car shops.

BATOUALA'S LAST HUNT

BY RENÉ MARAN

[M. René Maran, whose novel *Batouala* won the Goncourt Prize for 1921, is a negro educated in France. He is at present an official of the French African colonies, stationed at Fort Archambault, near Lake Chad. We print below a single episode from the novel, which gives a fair idea of the intimate familiarity with native customs and psychology to which M. Maran's novel owes its especial distinction. Further comment on both author and novel will be found elsewhere in this issue.]

BISSIBINGUI was a young man, well formed, strong, and finely built. Always he found food and a *bogbo* for shelter at the cabin of Batouala, for the chief held him in particular esteem. The great *moukoundji* was not the only one who regarded him with affection, for of Batouala's nine wives, eight had already looked in friendly fashion upon Bissibingui; and as for Yassiguindja, less docile already to the orders of the man who had bought her than to those of Bissibingui, she waited only for an opportunity to show her love for him.

But there was Batouala himself — jealous, vindictive, violent. Yassiguindja, his favorite *yassi* (wife), knew well enough his attitude. And so she waited, waited patiently — waited for the day when there would be no risk.

Paths through the underbrush, dewy and fresh with the morning, moist perfumes, delicate odors, the rustling of the plants and a murmur among the leaves, stirring with the breeze. Vapor, dank fogs, and hills and valleys that lift themselves against the pale sunlight. Smoke, the shouts of living beings, tom-toms, yells, cries. Ah, too high up in the trees the birds are singing. Too high the kites circle again and again in their flight. Too lofty the sky, whose very azure seems colorless as the light grows powerful.

A fair day for the hunt! *Goussou*, the brush, shall all burst into flame.

Ihé! *M'balas* (elephants), there is no time now to escape. You, *be'ngues*, you *voungbas*, it will do you no good to dig down into your burrows with your greedy snouts! Ours are the antelopes and the *cibissis*! Roll yourselves up in balls, you *to'ndorrotos* (hedgehogs)! Bristle with all your quills. The fire will never heed them. Run bellowing away, *gogouas*! With your tails bolt upright, darting and bounding in terror here and there, dash off at full speed, swifter than the arrow, swifter than the wind, as if you heard behind you the roars of Lord *Bamara* (the lion). There is no hope in concealment from the fire. Run straight forward, run straight to the place where there is no black smoke to say that the fire is eating up the brush. You must flee, flee, flee!

What weather! The hunt with fire could hardly yield more game than it will on this perfect day — although, of course, there will be no *kolos* (giraffes), for these animals with the long necks live far away, between the Ouahm and the Kabo, between the Kabo and the N'Dele, among plains rich in thorny plants, their food. Ah, the *kolos* with their tall and spotted bodies!

No *kolos* — but what does that matter? One hunts what he finds, hunts for the sake of the hunting. It is a sport for the strong, the battle of man against beast, of skill against brute strength. The chase, full of dangers, prepares for war. Let him who can,

prove in it his courage, his vigor, his endurance, the sureness of his eye, the swiftness of his foot, the agility of his movements. Tireless, unwearied, without halting, without resting, without gasping for breath, one must be able to run and run for long hours after the wounded prey.

The *oualas*, the *cibissis*, the *darra'mbas*, the *to'ndorroto*s are easy enough to catch, with the help of dogs, in the wide-stretching nets of the *bandas*, for the mesh of threads forms a hopeless snare for them. But though you may, with skill and caution, catch some of the smaller kinds of antelopes, you must deal in different fashion with the *bozobos* or horse-antelopes, with the *voungbas*, the *gogouas*, and the *m'balas*. *Gogouas* and *voungbas* you must catch in pits dug especially, and then you must wear them out, tire them, and in the end drive them into a corner. It is when he is wounded that the *gogoua* is most dangerous of all, for when he feels death slowly replacing the blood that drips from his wounds, he faces his assailant and charges with lowered head.

Talking thus of hunting lore, Bissibingui and Batouala, walking one behind the other, went peacefully on their journey to the hunting ground, while Djouma, the dog, followed with lowered muzzle behind them. Every moment they were joined by *m'bis*, *n'gapous*, and *dacpas*, armed with javelins, arrows, and jet knives. With their chief helmeted in plumes, his body daubed with red wood and smeared with rice oil — for a hunting day is a feast day — they swung along through the jungle, singing as they went, followed for the most part by dogs with hair as dull red as Djouma's own and surly as he.

It was a fair day. A pleasant moist wind swept through the bush, blowing from the place where the sun rose to that where he set. *Lolo* (the sun) had

yet a long distance to travel before he reached the height of the heavens, and he climbed, laughing as he mounted the pathless expanse leading upward to the blue villages that are his home. The heights of the *kaga* (hillock) Biga, which they had crossed that very morning, were now nothing but a little dot on the horizon. A fair journey!

The little group scattered at the intersection of two forest paths that lead, one to the village of Soumana, the other to the village of the *n'gapous* assembled under the authority of Yakidji. Each man hurried to his post, that when the time came he might be ready for the task assigned him. One must lie in ambush; another is a beater, or a tender of the fire. Those who really hunted and killed game were but a small number.

Some men went forward as far as the River Dangoua, which flows into the Goutia and then with its waters into the Kili'mbi. There they would start the fire. More men stopped this side of the river, at the village of the chief Gaoda on the banks of the Massaoua'nga, and still others went to places of their own choosing and scattered themselves between the River Gonbadjia and the River Gobo. Batouala and Bissibingui were both in this last band.

Provisions were unpacked; the *garabos* went round, stuffed with tobacco to the very rim; and while Djouma and all his canine brethren scurried here and there, the hunters copiously ate and drank. Then, with chins on knees and toes tucked up against their bodies, they fell to talking.

'People say that the *bamaras* (lions) and the *mourous* (panthers) hunt in families,' said Batouala. 'It is true that the *bamara* hunts with his mate, and it is true, too, that when the lioness is nourishing her whelps the lion hunts for all. But that is not for long. When the whelps are old enough to hunt

themselves, *bamara*, the father, and *bamara*, the mother, let them know they will do well to depart. But the young lions, like young men everywhere, want still more. Their hunger seems never to be satisfied; but he that would eat must work. "*Douhout! Dout-dout!*" roars *bamara*, the father *bamara*, and he rolls his terrible eyes, bristles his short mane, unsheathes his claws, and stalks back and forth, lashing his flanks angrily with his tail.

"They tell another story. Some people think that the tawny ones roar when they are hunting. Fools! Such men talk without thought. Does a hunter on the antelope's trail not try to move silently? And why should the *bamara* do otherwise? If he roared, all the animals that he seeks would run away. No, no! It is when he has seized his prey and torn it to pieces, that *bamara* roars: "*Douhout! Dout-dout!*" All is well. My hunger is appeased or soon to be. I am happy. I should like to play, and chase my shadow in the sun. My roars terrify the *gogouas* and antelopes all about. *Douhout!* The silly beasts! They do not know that when they hear my voice, they have least need to fear me. My belly is full. I will go up to the top of this little *kaga* (hillock). *Douhout!* Ah, I laugh! From where I stand I can survey all the region round. Far away across the plains the *gogouas* are scampering away. They flee from my roars, the innocents! I laugh! *Douhout! Dout-dout!* Now let me find a place to digest my meal in peace and quiet. . . ."

High in the sky the sun was flaming. Blackbirds, glistening like metal, were whistling here and there, and, sweeping in from the colorless horizon, came the three gusts of wind that at this time every morning whirled clouds of dust, dirt, and dead leaves up in their grasp. The wind had come and gone — from

the place where the sun rises to the place where it goes to its rest. Now it was coming back in the form of a light breeze. Then to right, to left, from valleys, from heights, and from rivulets, resounded trumpets and tom-toms. Suddenly amidst all the clamor, a wild savage yell:

"*Iaha!*"

The signal, the signal! The hunt is on! The chase has begun!

From the neighborhood of the River Dangoua, a trail of smoke rises. Is it really smoke? Yes, yes! Thin, at first almost imperceptible, its blackish thread grows thicker and thicker, spreading through the sky. The steel of javelins clashes against jet knives.

"*Iaha!*"

Iaha! See there! The signal! The fire is ablaze, the fire, kindly and brutal, the fire that warms and burns, that drives forth the game, destroys the serpents, terrifies the deer, lays low the pride of plants and trees, ready for the seeding, and as it sweeps over them prepares the soil that they may spring up afresh.

Ah, who is there can describe the fire? Who shall praise it as it should be praised, in words suited to its munificence and ardor, who shall praise this minor sun which appears to us, sometimes alone, sometimes in shapes innumerable, this little sun that gleams by night and day, despite of rain, despite of wind? He must sing its clear mobility, its many faces, its glowing warmth, pleasant, insistent, intolerable, secret!

All glory to the fire! Does the sower of dust close your eyes? The fire takes up its abode by the sleeper's side. It hums, weaving about him the threads of its warmth, and so bears him away, wrapped up in sleep, the good lesser death, toward that land of dreams from which he returns with each day's dawn.

Has the fever stricken you? Do you

shiver with the cold? The fire will tranquilize the course of that blood which circles through the blue veins of your arms. Slowly your muscles grow supple until at length they are playing freely. Fever and fatigue are gone. There is no cold. The rain may fall outside. The fire is always there, the fire that with his smoke will drive away the droning flight of mosquitoes and by its glow, the damp.

Are you alone and sad? Do you lack companionship? Go no farther. Fire is the good comrade, the friend, the confidant — the *ouandja*. Even as he warms the body, so does he warm the soul and urge it on to intimate confessions. . . .

Who shall praise the fire as it deserves? Who, above all, shall sing its fair red song, when bursting into blaze, vast, rough, enormous, multiform, it falls upon the bush and the *kagas*, driving forth its populace, beset with sparks and the dull heavy sound of falling trees?

Who shall sing the song of the bush fire? It is here, it is there, it is here again, and then far off. It holds to no one place. It devours whole solitudes in an instant. It bounds from plant to plant. It draws near — only be patient, you will see it soon. Again a little time, but a very little time, and you hear its furious growling which is here, there — wherever there are flames.

Where is this jungle fire of ours going? Is it not taking the direction of the Pongou river and the village of Soumana. Ho, there, *poupou*. Friend wind! *Poupou*, my *ouandja*, turn back the fire, I pray, toward the village of Gaoda. N'Gakoura, help us, or — Ah, the fire is turning. See, it is coming back, the fire is coming back, and the smoke is growing denser. The air is charged with the odors of aromatic plants. Once more, sharpen the knives and javelins. It is time.

The tom-tom of the *li'nghas*! What does it say? Wild bulls, frightened by the fire, are galloping toward the village of Nibani — what next? But there are beaters and fire lighters in the village, who will not fail to set off the portion of the bush entrusted to their care.

Iaha! Iaha! The talk of the *li'nghas* is good talk! *Iaha!* The smoke is surging up from the village of Nibani — black smoke! How many kites are sweeping overhead! What smoke! You can no longer see the sky. The smoke and the wings of the kites have shut it off. They have veiled away the sun. There is nothing more overhead save smoke and kites — so many kites that the game must be plentiful. What? Three of them together are flying straight to earth? What do they carry? The hunt, the hunt forever!

All these exclamations mingled in an inextricable tumult. The throng grew larger and the noise augmented. The very last villages were coming up. Porro and Ouorro, Batouala's *capitas* were jesting with their *mokoundji*. You could see there, too, the chief *n'gapous*, Yakidji, Nibani, and Yeretou'ngou.

Bissibingui was amusing himself at the expense of Kosseyende, the fool. Poor Kosseyende, how could he drag himself so far as the River Gobo? He could scarcely stand upon his legs, and even that only with the aid of a stick. Poor Kosseyende! *Koboholo*, the sleeping sickness, had ravaged his body until he had the appearance of a living skeleton. On his thin neck, with its knotted veins, his great bony head swayed back and forth. The sickness, which had turned his hair reddish, made his eyes gleam brightly from their deep sockets, and he trembled in all his limbs, already chilled by the cold of death. Yet he tried to dance, this Kosseyende, and as his bony knees clicked, one against the other, shouts of uncontrolled laughter rose, like gusts

of wind. Suddenly he stopped, and drew from his wallet two hedgehogs as big as a man's fist.

A circle formed about the two *to'ndorrotos*. The little animals huddled against one another, and the *m'bis* and *n'gapous* began to clash their javelins gently together, iron on iron and blade on blade, until the two animals began to dance slowly, beating a measure with their muzzles, to a chorus accompanied by clanging metal:—

*To'ndoroto, to'ndoroto,
Ddo, ddo,
To'ndorrotol*

Ding — ding — clam — clam — rang
the iron of the javelin heads — clam —
clam — ding — ding.

You, hedgehog, you, hedgehog,
Dance, dance,
You, hedgehog!

And now, driven by the breeze from far away, the brush fire and the smoke began to sweep toward the River Gobo. That meant little to Kosseyende. He laughed with swelling throat, laughed, laughed till the tears came.

Ah, little good it does the *boundjous* (white men) to know so much! They do not even know that *to'ndorrotos* are sensitive to music, and that they dance in their own fashion as naturally as a dog thrown into water swims.

*To'ndoroto, to'ndoroto,
Ddo, ddo,
To'ndorrotol*

Clam — clam — ding — ding! went the javelin heads.

Kosseyende's sides almost burst with laughing. He laughed, laughed, laughed, until hiccoughs followed his laughter. Then, suddenly, he whirled aside into the grass, and fell with bloodshot eyes, foam at his mouth.

To'ndoroto, to'ndoroto . . .

Look out! Up, everybody! The roar of the flames is swelling nearer and nearer, growing warmer, almost scorch-

ing. The smoke is strangling — ouh! Are the ditches for the wild cattle hidden well under branches? Yes. All is ready. To your places, hunters! Nothing now but to wait, hard eye under frowning brows, javelin in hand.

A humming, a fluttering, croaks, thuds, cries and shrieks! Then from the cinders, the *débris* of burning grass and leaves, swarms of bees come flying, flocks of little birds and insects of every sort, — butterflies, cicadas, flies, grasshoppers, — and then ash and smoke. The wind drives on the fire, swifter and swifter. The flames themselves become visible. Their long tongues are licking up the coarse, dry, crackling grass.

A shout — '*Cibissis!*' More shouts — '*Antelopes! Wild pigs! Oualas!*' It is a feast day, a day of joy. *Djouk!* Flash! Two, three, five javelins strike the same animal. The blood smokes — ah, the good odor of blood! How it fevers, intoxicates the hunter! Antelopes! *Cibissis! Bibris!* Kill all these pig-like, long-snouted creatures, that wrap themselves up in a ball like the *to'ndoroto*. Blood, blood everywhere. The hunt is a wild, red dance. Aha! One more *ouala!*

Look out! Look out! A *mourou* (panther)! Every man for himself! Quick, that tree, this thicket! Run! Where is there a shelter? A *mourou*, a *mourou!* Run, run!

There was not a moment for Bissibingui to lose. The barking of the dogs, the shouts of their masters, the flames, the warmth, the intoxication of seeing blood, the violence of his own exertions and those of his comrades, all that tumult of sounds, of gestures, and of light, dazed him. At that very moment a great javelin whizzed by him. Who threw it? Batouala!

But the twinkling of an eye before, Bissibingui had thrown himself flat to the ground to escape the panther, which was bounding toward him. When he

rose again, still trembling, the beast had disappeared with furious snarls, and there, close at hand, lay Batouala, the breath rattling in this throat, amid a group of *m'bis* and *n'gapous*, gathered around him. Angered by that very javelin — which was never meant for him — the panther, as he passed, had laid Batouala's body open with a single sweep of his paw.

A wounded man is always interesting, especially when he is the great Batouala. Agreed. But for a wounded man, shall one neglect a herd of *gogouas*, bellowing under the javelin stroke? No, no! That is why, wrapped in a mat in the shade of a tree, with only Djouma his dog to guard him, Batouala is left alone while his comrades dash after the wild cattle. Rest, a time for eating and drinking, and then *en route*.

They lay Batouala on a rude stretcher. Four men, torch in hand, lead the way. The torchlight tunnels through the smoky gloom. The stretcher-bearers follow, four *m'bis*, and in the rear, four more men, torch in hand. Bissibingui and Djouma, the dog, bring up the rear. The perfumes of the night . . . glowworms . . . the sweep of wings overhead . . . dew . . . brush fires, dying in the distance. Halt! Here is the cabin of the *moukoundji*. You are in front of your cabin, Batouala!

White men have their doctors; negroes their sorcerers. Be sure the two are like enough. There are good doctors and bad sorcerers; but then, there are good sorcerers — and bad doctors. Before Batouala's cabin the efficacious *gris-gris* was placed, the fragrant medicine bags, amulets, sovereign against the evil eye, bells and gongs to terrify the evil spirits and drive them far away.

They gave up incantations, exorcisms, amulets. They gave up fragrant medicine bags, the sorcerer's medicines, the customary *gris-gris*. The players of

the *go'nga* went away. The shouters disappeared. Batouala could die — already they were pillaging his goods.

While he raved, and rattled in his throat, Batouala could not know that save for Djouma, his dog, and Bissibingui and Yassiguindja, his *yassi* (wife), all had deserted him, kinsmen, subjects, wives, and their children. He did not know even that Bissibingui and Yassiguindja sat there in his cabin, separated only by the fire that could not warm him. He did not know that Bissibingui had taken Yassiguindja into his arms, nor did he heed the bleating of the goats, nor the *pcha-pchapcha*, *pcha-pchapcha* of the ducks, stretching their necks toward where he lay, curious over his delirium.

Yassiguindja and Bissibingui watched Batouala, shaking their heads.

'Kouzou?' asked the woman. 'Is he dead?'

'Not yet.'

They smiled, for they understood each other. Alone in the world, masters of their own destiny now, no one could longer keep them from one another. Batouala gasped through narrowed nostrils. How sweet to live! Bissibingui went to Yassiguindja and embraced her.

No use now, Batouala, to struggle any more with death. They alone exist now. They have supplanted you. You count for nothing. But why does the gasping cease? Ah, your eyes open. Stumbling you advance toward them. Are you, then, jealous to your last gasp? They do not see you yet. They do not —

This is your work, Batouala! Are you happy now, to see them, starting apart, crouched against the wall, their teeth clicking in their terror?

And you, Batouala? *N'Galkoura!* Exhausted by your last effort, killed by your own exhausting movement, you sink to the floor, like a great tree falling.

SAFELY HOME FROM AMERICA

BY J. C. SQUIRE

[Mr. J. C. Squire is alike distinguished as editor, author, and critic. He is editor of the London Mercury, one of the best of the British literary monthlies, author of numerous books of prose, poetry, and parody, and literary critic of the Observer. His multifarious literary activities, however, always have left him time to contribute a sprightly page each week to the Outlook — always, that is, until he came to America. His page in the Outlook is headed 'The Critic at Large,' and is signed 'Solomon Eagle.']

From the Outlook, December 24

(LONDON CONSERVATIVE LITERARY WEEKLY)

THIS page has been missing from the Outlook for several weeks. I feel obliged to condole with and apologize to its readers. Many of them must have supposed that I had gone for good, and now they will find their castle of illusion rudely shattered.

I have been to America, my friendship to which country is now established on an even more solid, and liquid, basis than before. Going, I imagined that I should post a weekly article from there; if I may say so, without irreverence to that continent, my road to America was paved with good intentions; but the moment I got into the Hudson and saw a gray silent mass in the distance of dawn, the congregation of high buildings on Manhattan, I knew I was doomed. There would, at any moment of the day or night, always be something more interesting to see than my own handwriting. But that may look as though I made a deliberate choice in the matter; the truth being that I was a straw in the wind, and should have fulfilled, with the excitement of that country around me, no previously contracted obligations, however sacred, however lucrative even. My will abdicated and conscience went to sleep.

I may at least plead this, not as an excuse, but as something on the credit side: that I am not going to write a

book about America. This is very unusual. So unusual that I found it to be incredible. Many Americans refused to believe me when I told them so; after all I had been in the country six weeks. Oh, yes, I *could* write the book. I can see it all, on the model consecrated by generations of traveling men of letters. There would be the chapter on the voyage, the good ship *Dipsomania* leaving Liverpool, the strange faces of the foreign immigrants going to Eldorado, the community life in mid-Atlantic, the preliminary conversation with the shrewd and quiet American on the ship, conscious of all his country's problems, conversant with everything that had been said about them, opening out to a really sympathetic foreigner; the overture to the orchestral discussion which would come later, accustoming the reader's ears to all the principal motifs. Then, after this, would come the approach, the new chapter beginning 'We entered the Hudson in the gray of morning,' and containing remarks about the magnificence of New York harbor, the disappointing unimpressiveness of the Statue of Liberty, and the magnificence of the great group of Down Town skyscrapers, 'Especially at night, when . . .'

The rest is all cut and dried. I could do that chapter on New York, with re-

marks on the latest architecture, the management of the traffic, the luxury of the shops, the frequency of Jews and Italians, the character of the theatres, the jolly splendors of the Great White Way, the strange fate of little old Trinity Church among the giant office buildings, the unpicturesque convenience of numbered streets, the glories of the Metropolitan Museum and certain private collections over which I was courteously shown by Mr. X and Mr. Y, and the traffic over Brooklyn Bridge, mingled with reflections on the existence, nature, and purpose of American hustling, the differences between New York and London papers, the extent to which American men and women are or are not better or more fashionably dressed than the inhabitants of London, and the question as to how much sleep the average New Yorker gets. Similar chapters or half-chapters would be devoted to Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, and Boston. The formulæ are all ready.

Philadelphia, although a city of two millions, still retains something of the dignity and gravity of an old Quaker town. Many of the streets have a distinct Colonial quality; and the big buildings are neither very numerous nor very tall. . . .

Washington is said by those who know it to be the pleasantest place in the world to live in. Dignified, reposeful, umbrageous, blessed with fine air and beautiful natural surroundings and possessing a permanent population which . . .

Chicago, to the man who has formed his ideas from *The Jungle*, has a good many pleasant surprises. The stockyards do exist, and so do the slums and the immigrants. But the parks are . . . the principal shopping streets are . . . and above all the magnificent drive along the Lake Shore is . . . whilst the generosity of millionaire benefactors has . . . and the vast buildings of the new University are . . .

Boston, to some extent, keeps its character . . . Lowells . . . Lodges . . . Henry

James . . . Harvard . . . But in our own time it has greatly expanded and it is now largely an Irish city. . . . What Boston thinks of the rest of America . . . what the rest of America thinks of Boston . . .

Memory, and a Baedeker, would soon, I think, make five thousand words apiece out of these. And then we should pass on: 'I did not visit the West, but . . .'

How Conservative is the South! What a riddle is the Middle West! How remote is California and how peculiar her conditions! In Charleston they still remember General Lee and the injustices of Mr. Lincoln: In Cincinnati they are mainly Germans. That is all very straightforward, but we should be compelled at last, after our general impressionistic survey giving a rough idea of the vast variety of climates and social conditions, to come to certain specific subjects of debate. Without immodesty, I think I could do that chapter on the New Immigration. I should get — as lazy authors do not always get — some statistics; but I should be quite on the approved lines in my remarks on the dangers of an unchecked flow, on the clash of cultures; on the respective degrees to which various kinds of foreigners can be absorbed; on the dominance of the Anglo-Saxon; on the effect of the war and recent legislation upon the inflow from Central and Southern Europe, and on the systematic efforts at 'Americanization.' Then the Color Problem, the qualities of the negro, the impossibility of miscegenation, lynchings, Booker Washington and Du Bois, negro schools, Jim Crow cars, the Southern Darky, the need for careful consideration of a question which has no apparent solution. Then the Economic Structure, wholesale agriculture and meat-raising, centralization, specialization, mass-production, trustification. Then Politics: Why respectable people seldom go into

them, stories about graft, the spoils system, the police, city government and Tammany Hall — with some hopeful signs and the City Managers' plan. Then Education: Hundreds of universities and hundreds of thousands of undergraduates; the attempt to make an Educated Democracy — this is only a Beginning, at present the exceptional Individual is hardly catered for; the need of an Honors System; Athletics, new buildings, the Harkness Quadrangle, libraries, benefactors. Then the Millionaires: Their endowments, their collections, their way of life, their power, the public attitude towards them, the various sorts of them. But why proceed? Look at the chapter headings of twenty books about America, rapidly written by the rapidly peregrinating, and you will have a good idea of this unwritten book of mine. It would surely be so easy. And they might, if I were vivacious and fortunate, run it as a serial in the pages of a magazine.

Yet, if I had written that book, I think there might have been a few pages in it that would not have appeared in most of the others. I remember certain landscapes and certain small

towns which I am not likely ever to forget — New England bound with ice; Frankfort in its wooded gorge; Charlottesville in Virginia, with the lovely Georgian quadrangle in a high valley among tree-covered conical hills, with the Blue Ridge Mountains in the distance; Annapolis, with the gray Navy buildings reflected in the lagoon and behind them a perfect eighteenth-century town, quiet in the sunshine, streets of old brick houses radiating from the knoll on which stands the Augustan State House. The new things cannot be ignored, nor the multitudes; problems we have and problems we must discuss; but I cannot help wishing that some time or another an English traveler with leisure and sensibilities and a style should think it worth while to go through the East, or the South, or the West, or even the middle of the United States, as so many have gone through Sussex, France, the Rhineland, Italy, Spain, India, and Japan — looking for the beautiful, the amusing, the curious, the humane in landscapes and people, thinking of the individual and of the past more than of the crowd and the future, leaving sociology and anxiety to others.

THE MANOR LORD

A PUZZLING TALE

BY OSCAR SCHMITZ

From *Oesterreichische Rundschau*, November
(VIENNA POLITICAL AND LITERARY REVIEW)

A MANOR lord from the neighborhood, a man about fifty years old, happened to meet at dinner in a little village tavern a painter, about forty years old, who was temporarily enjoying its humble hospitality. The manor lord was a free-spoken man, and launched immediately into a conversation, praising the hotel, the cleanliness and tastefulness of the food, and the excellence of the service. He said he never missed an opportunity of stopping there and taking a meal. The painter made a grimace and looked as if he were about to interrupt with a dissenting remark. However, he caught the look of earnestness and conviction in the eyes of his interlocutor, and glancing about to see that he was not overheard, replied: —

‘Your compliments are quite just. It would be mere grouchiness to dispute what you say. And yet I see it all so differently. I curse this hotel every day, though I know that I should commend it.’

‘Would you mind explaining that a little more fully?’ asked the manor lord, in a sympathetic tone of voice.

‘Well, I feel as if I were stifled here, and as if you had been sent by some special dispensation of Providence so I could speak my mind.’

‘I had a feeling, too, that I did not drop in here to-day by mere accident.’

‘Listen to me,’ said the artist, ‘and then forget what I say. Some four years ago I took an account of my past life. My youth had been one of many vicissitudes. I had a fair share of happiness

and also of privation; but at last I succeeded. I found myself entering upon my later maturity a successful man; then some change came over me. I began to see the world in a different light, to study it with an inner eye; and just as I was at the pinnacle of my success the whole form, technique, and content of my art completely changed. Connoisseurs and critics did not willingly give me up; they tried to follow my transformation and explain it, but could come to no conclusion. I have them still to thank that I am not entirely deserted and forgotten; but my patrons have mostly turned away from me. I am again facing poverty. During the summer I take refuge in this little inn; during the winter I inhabit an unheated studio in the city where I live. I don’t drop in here the way you do, because I like it, but because I have no choice. I sleep on a bed that is too short, under musty feathers. The breeze comes in through the windows and doors; there is not a comfortable chair to be had. I am constantly offended by all the noises and smells of a public house. It is a place suitable enough for peasants and carters. My studio is one end of an open haymow. Day after day I eat here the same — fairly cooked, I admit — noodles, cabbage, and smoked bacon. On Friday we have dumplings, and on Sunday a bit of roast meat with brown gravy. Such days the neighbors drop in to have a treat. Evenings I sit on a wooden bench, with my back to a whitewashed wall, impa-

tiently waiting for bedtime; for the only light in my room is a smoky candle. Yet I ought to be grateful, for my accommodations here are very cheap, and the people are kindness itself. You see, it's a very proper little inn for people who like this kind of place.

'Worst of all, my art no longer pleases me. My inner vision, I confess to you, is just as much a swindle as that outer vision with which I formerly was gifted and which brought me such success. I might just as well return to my old style of painting. I might have plenty of buyers again. But that would be quite as irritating and tiresome to me as the cabbage and noodles here. Life in this world is like living at an inn. The same routine in the midst of change, the same tiresome ennui.'

'So you have n't your own castle?' inquired the stranger in surprise. 'So you don't come here to the inn merely for a change?'

'No, I surely have n't a castle,' replied the artist, surprised at the naïve question.

'But how does it happen that you have n't a castle of your own?'

'Well, my parents did n't leave me one.'

'But why did n't you get one for yourself, then?'

'Well, because I'm not a money-making man.'

The stranger looked at the painter searchingly for a moment, and then said: 'I am sure you have a castle, but you don't see it.'

'Then open my eyes, I beg you,' said the painter, with a laugh. 'For I confess that I would find it pleasant enough to-day to live in my own castle, independent, and separated from the world, and be my own master. And then I could look at the world with the eyes of a mere visitor, careless whether I observe it with my outer or my inner vision.'

'Very well then, listen to my story. I early in life ran away from my people, who were good, honest citizens of the middle class. But I cannot give as good a reason for that as a future artist might. I was simply an idler, a good-for-nothing, a loafer. But I possessed one virtue; I was easily pleased. Never in my life would I have felt it a hardship to be a guest at an inn like this, although I was quite aware from my experience with the world that people of a different temperament, more gifted and competent than I, would feel it a hardship. I lived for several years, summer and winter, in a ruinous wood-chopper's hut out in the forest there. All I had to eat was what the hunters and peasants gave me in return for my services; for I was ever ready to help them. Though I never could force myself to regular steady labor, I was always a handy, lively lad, with a knack for doing odd jobs.'

The artist's searching glance discovered behind the polished manners and keen intellect of his companion, a touch of rustic coarseness, which made it seem possible that he had been the kind of youth that he described.

'However,' continued the stranger, 'man is never contented unless he fulfills the real purpose of his being. And so I found myself one day facing the same horrible emptiness which you now face. Everything was wrong in my eyes. Why should I continue to live? It is true that I always hated steady labor; but I was not physically lazy. I was an early riser, and an active man. Now, however, I protracted my surly slumbers till late in the day, and visited my fellow men only when hunger drove me.'

'I should mention that my parents were cultivated people, and gave me a good book education and a good social bringing-up. I had imagined hitherto that I had thrown all this overboard,

and was living the life of a nature man. Now I discovered that all this was self-deception. I had been unconsciously living as a philosopher; for had any primitive man ever lived as I did? Did the peasants and hunters do so? By no means. They all aspired to own — or did own — a home, and had their family circles. I had fled from such things. I rejected what they valued, and failed to see it because their unfamiliar manner of life deceived me. My inherited social status, from which I had fled, was that of middle-class townspeople. Their social status was that of the peasantry. This was the only difference. Since I did not belong to their kind, they left me alone and made no effort to persuade me to conform to their customs. But had their own sons tried to live in my fashion, they would have called them to order as soon as any bourgeois father would have done. And I had fancied that in living among these people I was living the life of a nature man! No. Diogenes in his tub is not man in the primitive state; but man in the last stages of philosophic thought.

‘So I discovered that I was not a nature man; but a philosopher, and a mighty poor one at that. For my philosophy no longer made me happy, no longer saved me from weariness with the world.

‘Thereupon something remarkable happened. Scarcely had I cast aside the rude mask of a nature man, with which I deluded myself, and put on the more intimate mask of a philosopher — for I later discovered that this was a mask also — than a new flood of thought took possession of my being. I would have stifled it when I was playing the rôle of a nature man; but now this thinking was a kind of ecstasy, so that I unwillingly interrupted it to go forth among my fellow men to earn my food. Soon I observed, however, that such interruptions did not disturb the

continuity of my thinking. When I returned to my hovel at night, weary and worn, I slept soundly until morning. Then I would awaken to the chirping of the wood birds at dawn, my soul illumined with bright lucid thoughts which had been cloudy during my labor of the day before. It was as if my thinking had gone on subconsciously, and arrived at definite and sure conclusions.

‘One day this suddenly occurred to me! For years I denied myself thinking, and yet could not liberate myself from it; now I encourage thinking. But will it really lead me to truth? Is it not merely an inner function which affords me temporary pleasure? I have the instinct to think just as I have the instinct to love. I am a being whose will manifests itself in several forms, one of which is philosophic thought. What more is the latter than a self-contemplation — than a withdrawing of the ego from the phenomenal world in which it was lost, whether it admitted or rejected that world? I had repudiated the world of my ancestors, and accepted the world of the peasants and hunters until I saw the light. Now I perceived how trivial my assent or repudiation of any world was, compared with the fact that I am. How ridiculous to call the things we approve good and the things we disapprove evil, the way men do; to believe that we can abjure evil and espouse good under the illusion that the outside world means anything to us, that there is some other truth than the truth: “I am.” I might just as well be back in my own home as here in this forest hut. However, I will neither remain here nor return to my old bourgeois life; but to-morrow at sunrise I will leave this hovel, and seek a third sphere of existence, where I need abjure nothing nor espouse anything; where there is neither good nor evil, neither God nor devil.

‘When day broke, the pine woods

were wrapped in a heavy fog. Only the lower trunks of the trees were visible. I bent over the brook where I was wont to wash in the morning, and when I rose again the fog lifted and the sun burst through; the bright blue heavens unfolded above, and before my eyes rose the castle in which I live to-day. I recognized it at once as my property, which I had possessed for all eternity; only I had failed to see it during that short period of my earthly wanderings, when my eyes were blinded with the idea that I must abjure this and espouse that. I entered the portals; the servants welcomed me as their long-lost and reformed master. So I live there above, only a few paces from the old ruined hovel where I formerly dwelt, and when it pleases me I come down again to the villages and towns of men.'

The astonished painter listened. 'I have heard what you say with intense interest, and your doctrine of aye and nay, of accepting and rejecting, throws a great ray of light through the mists which obscure my own future. I will follow whither it leads until the seal of conviction has been imprinted on my faith. This doctrine will redeem me. But I could not quite follow your concluding words; for I know from the gentlemen about here that you also have a real castle.'

'Yes, I also have a real castle,' said the stranger, laughing merrily.

'But how . . . ?'

'Well, let the people here tell you about that,' said the other in a kindly tone. 'That is a minor matter. The moment you have taken possession of your eternal castle, your physical castle will rise as if by magic from the ground.'

The painter remained wrapped in deep thought. That evening he inquired about the stranger. His landlady summed up his history as follows: A lucky dog. She could remember him when he was a barefooted country boy who helped the peasants at their work. She had often given him a dish of soup and a few coppers for splitting wood. He was a regular loafer, who showed no signs of amounting to anything; but a merry chap, a fine singer, and one who played the zither. You could not be angry with him, although he was often involved in mischievous scrapes. Finally, one day he disappeared as suddenly as he had come. Later he came back, a fine gentleman, accompanied by his wife. He had inherited a fortune, or married a rich girl, or won a prize in the lottery, the way men do who acquire sudden fortunes. People did not know exactly where his money came from. He bought a castle, where he was living with his family, together with a big forest and farm surrounding it, because he liked the neighborhood. People respected him for being so frank about his past. Most men would have got as far away as possible from the place where they previously occupied so humble a position. This gentleman, however, had his own estate right here where he had been a serving-boy, and no poor man ever left him penniless, and no sad man un comforted.

I do not know whether the painter finally got his castle or not. The next summer he returned to the vicinity and occasionally dined with pleasure at the little village inn. One often saw him on his way to the castle; and he was always happy.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S 'SHAKESPEARE'

BY W. S. CROCKETT

From the *Bookman*, December
(ENGLISH LITERARY MONTHLY)

SIR WALTER had his introduction to Shakespeare during his delicate boyhood at Bath about the year 1775. Thither, accompanied by his 'kind and affectionate Aunt Janet,' he had gone for the special treatment which it was hoped would reinvigorate his enfeebled limbs, in danger of paralysis. A month or two later came his uncle, Captain Robert Scott, of Rosebank, whose arrival brought days of laughter and joy to the little invalid. Scott's first visit to a theatre was made under his uncle's auspices, and it was then that 'As You Like It' enthralled and mystified him:—

The witchery of the whole scene is alive in my mind at this instant [he wrote in the *Ashestiel Fragment*]. I made, I believe, noise more than enough, and remember being so scandalized at the quarrel between Orlando and his brother in the first scene, that I screamed out, 'A'nt they brothers?'

From that hour Scott was gripped by a passion for the great dramatist. All that Shakespeare wrote became extraordinarily familiar to him. A marvelous memory allowed him to quote quickly (if not always accurately) from that vast intellectual storehouse which next to the Bible has yielded treasures of wisdom and spiritual comfort to the whole of mankind. Scott himself has been spoken of as 'our Scottish Shakespeare' and 'our second Shakespeare.' Both writers had many things in common—in their freshness, their suggestiveness, their happy, innocent hilarity, their power of aphorism, their simple, human appeal, their majestic

outlook on life, and not least, their intense religiousness.

It is not generally known that Scott contemplated and actually began an edition of Shakespeare partly in collaboration with John Gibson Lockhart, to run to ten volumes at least. The story of the venture is interesting, and the steps which led up to it may be recalled.

Apparently the proposal had its origin with Archibald Constable, who wrote to Scott on February 15th, 1822:—

In looking over a bookseller's catalogue lately—which, indeed, is one of my amusements—I met with an extraordinary article, a collection of all that had been written about Shakespeare, consisting of no fewer than one hundred articles. I sent to inquire the price, but . . . it was sold. Had it remained, and not been enormously expensive, it was my intention, by hook or by crook, to have sent it to Abbotsford. . . . An edition of the immortal bard might be brought out in twelve or fourteen volumes, with a set of readable and amusing notes. There ought, besides, to be an introductory volume, written on purpose, giving a general view of Shakespeare's life, writings, times, and also an account of the labors of former editors; but there is only one individual into whose hands such an undertaking could be put, to embrace and secure all the advantages, which I would conceive it necessary to have accomplished, and to enable the publishers to propose to that individual sufficient remuneration for such a work. At present I shall not say more; but I trust you will give it your best consideration, and if you honor me by any reply to this or any other part of my letter, allow me to request that it may come to myself direct,

here. I could, I believe, still get you nearly a complete set of all that has been written about Shakespeare, which, perhaps, you might like to possess.

Scott replied on February 25th: —

A Shakespeare, to say truth, has been often a favorite scheme with me: a sensible Shakespeare in which the useful and readable notes should be condensed and separated from the trash; but it would require much time, and, I fear, more patience than I may ever be able to command. Then, when the world sees it, they would certainly be disappointed, for of a name of notoriety they would expect something new on a subject where there is nothing new to be said; and when they found it was only a selection and condensation of the labors of former editors, they would be apt to conceive themselves imposed upon. Yet, so long ago as when John Ballantyne was in Hanover Street, I did think seriously of such a thing, and I still think it a desideratum in English literature.

On October 19th Scott again communicated with Constable: —

The Shakespeare plan I like much better. I could conduct it without interfering with other engagements, since I could have Lockhart's powerful assistance as to Philology, in which he is perfectly skilled — as much, indeed, as anyone I ever knew. . . . I have the matter very sincerely at heart; it could go on slowly (for fast it could not proceed), and would scarce interfere with other things, for that sort of labor is rather an amusement to me than otherwise. Perhaps if I were to bring a play or two by way of experiment, you could better judge what was like to come of it. I have most of the books that would be necessary. . . . No doubt a most popular book might be made by putting the notes into an entertaining and popular shape, and with my son Lockhart's assistance for the fag, I would have great pleasure in doing it. . . . It would take two or three years to bring out such a book creditably.

In February 1823, came Constable's reply: —

Although I have not had the pleasure of communicating with you since receipt of your letter in October last, on the subject of the projected edition of Shakespeare, yet it has had a good deal of my thoughts, and my anxious wish to see such a work executed continues unabated. Of the safety of the undertaking to the bookseller there cannot, I think, be any question, and in the hope that the terms and plan which have occurred to me may merit your further consideration, I would now respectfully beg leave to lay them before you.

The work was to consist of ten volumes, to be freely interspersed with notes, and to have at the end space sufficient for the Poems. The introductory volume, containing a Life of Shakespeare with other matter, was 'as a matter of course to be the last printed.' As to terms, Constable as usual was generous. He offered £2500. The edition was not to exceed 1500 copies, 'without any embellishment excepting, perhaps, a portrait of Shakespeare.' Lockhart replied from Abbotsford (spreading the butter thickly), no doubt at Scott's prompting: —

I have had a good deal of conversation with Sir Walter Scott about the Shakespeare, and I believe there will be no difficulty to the plan started by either of us, in case you have quite made up your mind. It is indeed quite impossible that anything should be handsomer than your proposed arrangements, and I can only say that I honestly believe you are the only bookseller the world ever saw that was capable of conceiving and executing such schemes. Long may you both conceive and execute!

But almost a year passed before anything more was said. Cadell was Scott's correspondent on this occasion (March 17th, 1824): 'I am throughout friendly to the scheme, provided that your other and more valuable avocations are not impeded by it.' He mentions Lockhart's part in the undertaking, and agrees that 'while the press is occupied with vol. second and its suc-

cessors, the work cannot be too soon commenced. If it could be so arranged as to appear in the winter of 1824-25 it would be well.'

There can be no question that Scott took up the task with avidity, for on January 25th, 1825, Constable wrote to Joseph Ogle Robinson, the chief partner of his London agents, Messrs. Hurst, Robinson & Co.:—

It gives me great pleasure to tell you that the first sheet of Sir Walter Scott's Shakespeare is now in type. It will make ten volumes. The first volume contains the Life of Shakespeare, by Sir Walter. He is to be assisted in the notes by Mr. Lockhart, who is perhaps the best philologist of the present day. We shall print an edition in foolscap octavo, and perhaps afterwards one in a smaller size of the octavo. In the meantime we intend only 1000 copies—the greater portion of which I have no doubt will go your way. This I expect will be a first-rate property.

And on September 20th of the same year we have him telling Scott that 'Shakespeare is getting on.' The rest is silence so far as Constable's printed correspondence is concerned. The crash came in 1826, when there was considerable disagreement as to the ownership of the bankrupt estate. In Andrew Lang's 'Lockhart' (Vol. I, p. 395) there is an extract from a letter of Scott's, dated January 26th, 1826, in which he says to his son-in-law: 'I am afraid you will suffer about the Shakespeare, but surely you will have retention on the book so far as it has gone, for recompense of your labor.' And on May 30th Scott reverts to the matter, asking Lockhart: 'What do you about Shakespeare? Constable's creditors seem desirous to carry it on. Certainly their bankruptcy breaks the contract. For me, *c'est egal*: I have nothing to do with the emoluments, and I can with very little difficulty discharge my part of the matter, which

is the Prolegomena, and Life and Times.' In 1827 the question of continuing the work was undecided. It was again mentioned in a letter of March 24th, from Scott to his *collaborateur*: 'Cadell, I can see, is very desirous it should go on.' On February 20th, 1830, however, Lockhart tells Scott that Cadell's enthusiasm had waned, 'but Mr. [John] Murray is now ready to take it up.' That is the last we hear of it. The enterprise begun so zealously was abandoned.

But what became of the printed sheets or of the numerous made-up copies? Thomas Constable (Archibald's son) declares that 'three volumes of the edition were *completed* before the sad crisis of 1826, but then laid aside; and ultimately, I have been told, *the sheets were sold in London as waste-paper!*' (The italics are Constable's.) 'It is even doubted whether one copy be now in existence.' 'I have never been able to find any trace of the three wasted volumes,' says Lang in his 'Lockhart' (Vol. I, p. 309), adding: 'The enterprise was one for which Lockhart, with his admiration of Shakespeare, and his knowledge, was well adapted, and, when all failed, he might have said with the Man who was Crafty, "Verily my fine gold hath perished."' Elsewhere Lockhart's biographer says: 'The fate of the "Shakespeare" remains a literary mystery. One would have expected to find copies of the three volumes, finished, at Abbotsford.' The copies are not at Abbotsford, as I can testify.

Like most of the manuscripts of the Waverley Novels, the three volumes of Scott's unpublished Shakespeare have found their way to America, where they are among the treasures of the Barton Collection in Boston Public Library. After a careful expiscation of all available evidence I am satisfied that the claim made on behalf of these

three volumes is trustworthy, and that they are probably the sole extant volumes of the series which Scott and Lockhart undertook to prepare. To be sure, they are bound up without title pages; the commentary contains nothing that would indicate its authorship; and they carry no date. But the condition of the books, their broken number, especially in the light of what has been now said, and the imprint, 'Edinburgh: printed by James Ballantyne and Co.,' seem legitimate argument for their genuineness. Further, on the two fly-leaves of Vol. II is a note written by Thomas Rodd, a London bookseller, in which he says:—

I purchased these three volumes of Shakespeare's Works from a Sale at Edinburgh. They were entered in the catalogue as 'Shakespeare's Works, edited by Sir Walter Scott and Lockhart, Vols. II, III, IV. All printed, *unique*.' That Scott entertained the design of editing Shakespeare I know from Archibald Constable, who mentioned it to me more than once, and I sent him a little book of memoranda for Scott's use, but as he, Constable, informed me, it never reached him. The bankruptcies of Scott and Constable prevented the completion of the work. The book bears marks of Scott's usual inaccuracies, as I find on casually opening these volumes.

The date of Rodd's purchase is unknown, but it must have been in the forties or early fifties of the last century. In 1860 Dr. James Wynne compiled an account of the Private Libraries of New York, in which he devoted a section to the Thomas P. Barton Library, and quoted Rodd's note on the purchase. The Barton Collection became a part of the Boston Library in 1873. Justin Winsor, writing to the *Boston*

Advertiser on March 21st, 1874, soon after the publication of 'Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents' (1873), said:—

The account of the Barton Collection, which was printed fifteen years ago, contained the earliest public mention, I believe, of the supposition that Scott ever engaged in such a work, which this life of Constable now renders certain. These later corroborative statements give a peculiar interest to the volumes which are now in this library, and which are perhaps the only ones of the edition now in existence.

Mr. Charles F. D. Belden, the librarian at Boston, has kindly furnished me with a description of the three volumes for my Bibliography of Scott, now nearing completion: 'The volumes are numbered Vol. II, Vol. III, Vol. IV, on the half-titles of the first Plays in each. Each Play has an introduction of a page or two, and notes, not very voluminous, at the bottoms of pages. There is no general editorial matter, and no illustrations. The binding is half morocco, red, with marbled paper sides. The height is twenty-two centimetres [about nine inches]. Vol. II (438 pp.) contains "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Comedy of Errors," "Love's Labor's Lost," "The Merchant of Venice." Vol. III (474 pp.) contains "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Taming of the Shrew," "As You Like It," "Much Ado About Nothing." Vol. IV (524 pp.) contains "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Measure for Measure," "All's Well That Ends Well," "The Twelfth Night." On the last page of each Volume is the imprint: "Edinburgh: Printed by James Ballantyne and Co."'

THE WICKED WORLD

From the *New Statesman*, December 17
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

ONE of the most popular of the evening papers contained an article on Monday under headings that ended with the question: 'Has national rot set in?' The writer was apparently satisfied that it had not. We gathered from his article that he thought there were far fewer signs of national rot than of national 'tommyrot.' It is almost always amusing to see a writer contending either that the world is wicked or that it is not. He is fairly sure to write 'tommyrot' in either case. The popular novelist whom the writer in the evening paper criticized for believing that the world is growing worse, undoubtedly wrote 'tommyrot.' The writer in the evening paper who replied to the popular novelist that the world is much the same as it always was, undoubtedly added his share of 'tommyrot' to the common stock. For instance, the popular novelist had referred to the fact that girls who drink cocktails in public can now be found in 'representative England.' His critic, instead of facing the fact that—whether we think it a good habit or a bad one—drinking has to some extent increased among women, goes off into an elaborate proof that the representative Englishwoman does not habitually drink cocktails because she could not afford them. 'Cocktails,' he soberly declares, 'cost anything from 1s. 6d. to 4s. each; and nobody goes to a house of entertainment for the sole purpose of taking a single cocktail. We have, therefore, to infer in the victim of the daily cocktail habit the expenditure of probably not less than a pound for lunch alone. How many young girls can afford that? How many young men can afford it for them?'

This, it seems to us, is the worst possible way in which to state the argument against decadence. Everyone who has studied the habits of the drinking classes knows that the man who drinks will drink, whether he can afford it or not. The public-houses are full of people who earn nothing and spend it all on drink and contrive to get merry on it. Hence, there is no reason to assume that a girl does not drink cocktails because, if she did, her luncheon would cost more than she could possibly afford. We can decide the matter to much better effect by going to a few dances, a few restaurants, and a few tennis parties, and studying the evidence with our eyes. At the end of our inquiries, we shall probably find that the world has not gone to the dogs yet, but that it has, in some respects, changed. A woman of thirty to-day can do with impunity a score of things that her grandmother could not have done with impunity. Her conversation is often such as would have shocked her grandmother. She smokes instead of playing the piano. She may not spend the whole day drinking cocktails, but she may, if she likes, drink whisky-and-soda on occasions on which her grandmother would have been content with lemonade.

The change is most noticeable, we suppose, among the middle classes, which were once famous for respectability and Puritanism. The ordinary sort of Puritanism has almost disappeared among the younger generation. English men and women of almost all creeds and classes nowadays play cards and go to race-meetings and break the Sabbath. It is, to the present writer,

extremely distressing; it means that at an important race-meeting the crowd is so dense that one has positively to fight one's way to the bookmakers. Puritanism had at least one good effect in England; it reduced the crowds at the races to reasonable proportions. Nowadays, however, Newmarket has become a haunt of Presbyterians and Methodists, and men who would have been street-corner evangelists fifty years ago have turned bookmakers. You will see comparable signs of change almost everywhere. The churches have grown emptier and the music halls have grown fuller. The Sunday newspaper has taken the place of the Sunday sermon. This may be a change for the better or a change for the worse; at least, it is a change and a considerable one. The pessimists are confident that it is a change for the worse; the optimists apparently deny that the change has occurred. The former are, on this point, the better realists.

We were amused the other day to see an article in the Press by a Coalitionist Member of Parliament, who warmly took the side of the optimists. He declared that England was never more moral than it is to-day, and he adduced certain evidence in support of this view. He told how he was recently a guest at a party at which many actresses and music-hall performers were present, and how they all listened rapturously to high-class music and conversed on the arts and other reputable topics; 'and,' he wound up impressively, 'I did not hear one indecent word even whispered.' It would be difficult to imagine a more gloriously irrelevant remark. In the first place, no humane person would whisper indecent words while a Coalitionist M.P. was present. In the second place, it is absurd to imagine that immorality of life involves indelicacy of speech or *vice versa*; neither Sheridan nor Wilde was a saint, but

both were at times almost prudish in their conversation. Apart from this, it is ridiculous for a controversialist, who is faced by the argument that the world is growing worse, to reply that he was a guest a short time ago at a party of perfectly respectable people. Even the gloomiest pessimist does not deny the survival of quite a large body of respectable people. All he contends is that there has been an immense change among men and women in general in regard both to morals and to manners. The optimists, so far as we can see, refuse to admit that there has been a profound change of sentiment even in the most vital matters — in regard to marriage, the family, divorce, and sexual relations in general. They assure us that, apart from the things that get into the papers, men and women are behaving much as they always did. 'Every schoolboy,' says one of them airily, 'gains the impression that the moment Charles II came to the throne every Devonshire farmer entered into a career of wild profligacy, and that the moment Dutch William took up his quarters at Whitehall manners and morals were suddenly purified from Dungeness to St. Bees. Whereas things went on very much the same below the surface. They are going on very much the same still.' If these sentences mean anything, they mean that the morals of human beings are essentially the same in all ages, which is about as true as that manners or literary ideals are the same in all ages. Apart from this, the writer does not realize that the age of Charles II was, compared to our own, an orthodox age; there was no widespread revolution in moral ideas among the masses of the people.

Such a revolution has undoubtedly occurred in our time. It is not a mere change affecting the surface of society. It is a change affecting all classes. If it is a good change, the optimists can de-

fend it without saying that it has not occurred. If it is a bad change, it is the most fatuous of all defenses to ignore it. There is no rational defense of the contemporary world except on one condition. Those who defend it must first see it as it really is and assert its excellence — as realists, not as sentimentalists. There is, we believe, a strong case to be made out for the contemporary world, but it can be made out only by those who accept with enthusiasm the profound changes that have affected popular ethics. There is a similarly strong case to be made out against the contemporary world, and those who make it are at least aware that something startling has happened.

On the whole, it may be said that literature, in the work of many of the younger writers, has accepted the changes and even boasts of them. A good many of the books of to-day are propaganda on behalf of the life of sensations as opposed to the old-fashioned life of duties. Among the younger writers, there are some who praise evil, but there are few who have a sense of evil in the sense in which the Greeks or the Elizabethans or the Victorians had it. They have got rid of the smugness of Victorianism only to fall into the smugness of anti-Victorianism. The Victorians had a sense of sin, but they had not a sufficient sense of their own sinfulness; it was only in their greatest writers that the traditional sense of sinfulness survived. As a result, their world was a narrow and egoistic circle without a universe in the background to remind them of littleness. They were so certain that they had achieved something like absolute greatness that they scarcely paused to compare themselves with the infinite, and as a result their very architecture is a monument of meanness of imagination. The noblest buildings in Europe have been born out of man's sense of sin. Our noblest lit-

erature — the Greek drama, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton — was born out of man's sense of sin. Without this sense of the eternal contrast and conflict between good and evil there can be no moving tragedy, no understanding of the history of a great soul. Without it, art becomes merely the self-flattery of men. Without it, Helen herself becomes no more interesting than a stage *divorcée*, and Hamlet's outcries would be meaningless except to the psychoanalyst.

Even if the world changes its sins, then, we trust that it will not lose its sense of sin. It is not our purpose just now to say which of the sins we think virtues and which of the virtues we think sins. We may make an exception, perhaps, and confess that, on the whole, we are in favor of Sabbath-breaking, that we believe a virtuous man may be either a teetotaler or have a cellar of Burgundy, and that we think it is better to be divorced from some women and married to others. But, frankly, we cannot become enthusiastic over the world of which we read the worst in the Sunday papers. It seems to us obvious that standards are disappearing among increasing numbers of human beings, and we are not sure that new standards are being set up in their place.

A hundred years ago Byron sinned as successfully as the thing could be done even at the present day, but at least he suffered remorse, and his sense of sin was so vehement that he wished to have his daughter brought up a Catholic. A Byron to-day would feel no remorse; he would be as pleased with himself as if he had been a follower of Samuel Smiles. Sin, it is often forgotten nowadays, is interesting only if it is accompanied by suffering. Helen and Paris, Tristram and Iseult, Antony and Cleopatra — there are no happy illicit lovers who have conquered the world's imagination as they have done. Hence,

we are afraid that if the sense of sin disappears literature will perish. Certain moralists tell us that society will perish, too.

For these reasons, we think it is as well that in every generation the cry should go up that the world is going to the dogs. It is well that men should live conscious of the existence of a standard of perfection, even if it shows

up their own imperfections in a sensational light. We may call that standard beauty or holiness or honor. Whatever we may call it, it will leave us under no illusion that this is the best of all possible worlds. And thus we may be saved from becoming a world of dull and mediocre self-flatterers, which is the doom of an age that has lost the sense of the tremendous reality of sin.

THE CALL OF THE BLOOD

BY YAK KUNEV

From Moscow *Pravda*; August 25
(OFFICIAL BOLSHEVIST DAILY)

IN the evening along the village street a strange procession passed from house to house: in front walked a red-haired, pock-marked, and stooping sexton with a little bell, and behind him a priest and a chanter. The priest, with rumpled hair standing up, cleared his throat and spat at every hut; the chanter, whose whole face retired behind his red-veined, pimply nose, followed, and the pock-marked sexton rang his bell.

At the last hut, which was covered with planking reddened with age, in a dried-up garden containing two fiery sunflowers and a dusty currant bush, stood comrade Fyedor, with whom I had become acquainted yesterday. He was a long-legged chap in a white shirt fastened round the waist by a broad leather belt — thin, with large cheek bones, a snub nose, and burning goggle eyes. He had not been in the village for five years when he had arrived a week ago.

Fyedor, though still at a distance, waved at the procession and cried in a thin voice which did not seem to fit him: 'There will be nothing for you here, long-manes (long-haired priests). Be off!' And turning toward me his thin serious face he said: 'There are a lot of these devils among us, and they have sent for clergy from the city for the church holiday to-morrow. They are taking up a subscription. Bah!' Fyedor spat bitterly and went into the hut.

In the morning the peasants filled the church to bursting and those who could not get in stood outside in the sunlight stretching their necks and standing on tiptoes to hear the service. From the pale, or as it seemed, faded heavens the sun poured down its fiery gold upon the bared heads. Outside the service could not be heard well; the octaves of the deacon floated out of the church in resounding bellows like the groans of a man in pain.

Suddenly there was a disturbance in the midst of the crowd in front of the church. On all sides men began to gesture and hiss, 'Sh-h! Hey, you! Quiet!'

The thin sharp voice of Fyedor drowned the hissing: 'Who said "quiet" here? I have something to tell you.'

A bald old man standing behind Fyedor threatened him with his stick: 'Keep still, fool! This is not the place.'

'He has got drunk for the holiday,' someone else remarked.

'Sh-h! Keep still.'

'You are fools! Ignorant people!' boldly shouted Fyedor. 'I have n't been here for five years. My life is different from what it was. But yours is just the same.'

'You've become a wise man, have you? Give him one in the neck.'

'You have n't learned any wisdom here,' snapped Fyedor. 'How much did you collect for the priest yesterday? What? About five thousand half measures of rye, chickens, and eggs, eh?'

'Quiet! Make him get away.'

'You lie! I won't get away!' shouted Fyedor defiantly.

I took Fyedor by the sleeve. 'Drop it, comrade. This is not the place. You know we have decided upon a meeting — we'll talk things over there.'

But he shook himself free angrily. 'P-e-asants,' he viciously drawled, 'millions of peasants are dying of hunger. They are gnawing bark, they bake dung for bread. Dung! I have seen it myself.' He struck his breast with his fist. 'Myself! The little children! With what big stomachs they walk around. Swollen, green . . . Ten provinces have been burned out, the earth is burning up, and you give cartloads of rye to the priests!'

The crowd had become silent and only a few in the back weakly and uncertainly protested: 'Well, you! Don't you touch religion.'

'Re-li-gion!' Fyedor mocked. 'What

is your religion? To-morrow you will take a wagonload of grain in town to the priests, that is what your religion is! And there they starve by millions! Whole villages are going off. They don't know where. Religion!'

The crowd again began to show signs of anger; but here and there a man was heard to mutter: 'That's certainly true.'

'He speaks the truth: we must help them.'

'But religion, all the same, ought not to be interfered with.'

'We'll talk it over at the meeting.'

Fyedor continued: 'Those chickens and that rye that you collected for the clergy you ought to give to the starving. If the priests were really honest, they would give it up to them themselves. But they won't give it up, you know!'

'What's he driving at? That must n't be touched,' the crowd interrupted him.

'We'll collect some more.'

'Quiet. We'll talk it over at the meeting.' Again the hissing began.

Fyedor threw up his hands in despair and left the crowd. His hands and his lower jaw were trembling. 'Oh, what ignorance,' he said sadly and went quickly away.

At four o'clock of the same day a hundred and fifty peasants were gathered outside a former coöperative association building. They sat on the grass in two lines. A dark and gloomy sharp-nosed old man, like a crow, who was president of the soviet, lifted his bushy eyebrows and said: 'Choose the president of the meeting.'

'Choose whom? It is Fyedyae's turn.'

'Fyedyae, come out. It is your turn.'

'Let the orator come here who talked in front of the church.'

'About what?' asked someone.

'About the starving,' answered yellow-bearded Fyedyae.

'We're starving ourselves. We still have to pay the tax in kind,' grumbled an old man like a patriarch, all overgrown with yellowish silvery hair.

'They could take three taxes in kind off of you,' someone flung at him. 'You've got fat.'

'Are you jealous? Oh, you rascal,' angrily snarled the old man.

They asked me to speak. I stepped forward. But the peasants at once protested. 'We don't want him. Let's have the speaker who was at the church . . . He talks facts, the ——'

'Fyedka, come out!'

'He's a specialist. He hits the point.'

Fyedor, recognized by the village as a 'specialist,' came forward and made the following impromptu speech. 'Citizens, comrades. If through stupidity and ignorance you have taxed yourselves for the priests, now tax yourselves three times as much for the starving peasants. You are peasants — and they are peasants. If you don't help them, you yourselves will die of hunger. That's what!'

'The comrades (Communists) have already taxed us,' grumbled the patriarch. 'In a decree, they declared the tax in kind and now there is another one. Is that fair?'

'What are you whining about? There's enough for you — you'll be trading in home-brew,' said someone sarcastically.

'Enough! You look in someone else's granary!'

A peasant, black as a beetle and with beetle's whiskers, in torn trousers and a cap without a brim, jumped on his feet and waving his arms wildly, said quickly: 'It's right that we should. We must

help. With starvation as with a fire everyone must do all he can. We must put it down. Otherwise it will be the ruin of the country — all Russia will burn up.'

'I offer ten thousand rubles,' cried the patriarch.

Everyone around began to laugh. 'He thought he'd get rid of it that way.' 'How much is your paper worth?'

Someone spoke doubtfully: 'It will be necessary to give grain.'

'We have n't enough for ourselves till harvest.'

'We will stretch it. The potato crop has been good,' said the ragged peasant.

'It's well for you to talk, if you have n't either land or a house,' remarked the blond-bearded president. 'There is n't anything to take from you.'

The ragged peasant angrily threw his brimless cap to the ground and shouted, 'I have n't anything but I'll bring a half measure of rye. I'll bring it, you devils!'

'He speaks right. Let each one give as much as he can.'

'Well, are you all agreed?' asked the president.

'Yes, yes,' all shouted. 'You, Fyedyayev and Fyedor, will collect it.'

The sun had set when the meeting had finished and we set out home. Fyedor said good-bye to me and added happily: 'The people loosened up.'

'Yes, they loosened up,' I agreed.

Quickly traversing the dusty street with his long legs and swinging his arms vigorously, he went to his hut, where, in the little garden, the glowing sunflowers flamed in the last rays of the sun.

SHIPS AND THE SEA

BY HOLBROOK JACKSON

[*Mr. Jackson, who is the editor of To-Day, appropriately dedicates his essay to Joseph Conrad.*]

From *To-Day*, December
(LITERARY QUARTERLY)

THE incredible events of the past seven years are having noticeable effect upon the minds of men. We have, for instance, lost the faculty of surprise. Familiarity breeds, not contempt, but indifference. When the first German aeroplane hovered hawk-like over Thanet one Christmas — or was it New Year Day? — now so long ago, all Britain was staggered by the audacity of it; but when the Germans dropped their last bomb on London we had all settled down into a comfortable 'things like this, you know, must be' sort of habit. Many of us just turned over and went to sleep again. Even more surprising things leave us cold in these even more amazing days of 'Peace.' Not an eyebrow is raised by the news that Nelson's Victory is disintegrating through old age and will presently sink in Portsmouth Harbor unless something is done to save her. No one turns a hair at the proposed destruction of the super-Dreadnoughts which have succeeded the Victory. We are a ship-fed people. The sea is in our blood. The beauty of ships and the mystery of the sea are the pillars of our romance. Yet we do not wonder at this twilight of the sea gods.

Is there a heart so tame that has not beat quicker at thought or sight of ships? Is there a boy of us who has not, at least for one wild moment, listened rapturously to the siren song of the sea and felt joy at the glimpse of a spar; anon to walk in high dudgeon

because of the parental tyranny which thwarted ambition to emulate Drake and Nelson or, perhaps, Paul Jones or Captain Cook?

We have all dreamed these piratical dreams, and most of us, alas, have awakened to the comfortable realities of the life of the land-lubber. O we of little faith! For no nobler pirates ever lived than we were, in our dreams — nor was Nelson greater than we were then. Because we had not the courage of our dreamland convictions we were doomed to a life ashore. Doomed? Why doomed? Dear reader, we are sentimentalizing. We are allowing our emotions to run away with our pen. 'Doomed' to a life ashore, forsooth! and what is wrong with that life, pray? Can we not read of ships in books and see them from a safe distance? The joy we have in them is still vouchsafed to us, and when vacation time comes round we journey to coastwise towns, where from cliff or beach or promenade we gaze wistfully at the sailing of the in-shore boats, or feed romantic desire upon a binocular vision of the deep-sea craft beyond the range of ordinary sight.

The fascination of ships is not, however, merely romantic. The beauty of ships is as real as the beauty of the sea. Ships are our good and immemorial allies, therefore do we love them. But their beauty is so plain that did we hail from regions remote from all great waters we must needs come under the

spell of it at once. The beauty of a ship is irresistible; it commands us instantly, like Nature in her great moments — like St. Paul's Cathedral from Fleet Street — like Oxford or Cambridge — like Queen Anne's Gate — like Gwydyr House. . . .

The reason . . . but is it not obvious, this beauty of ships? Is not a ship a cosmos, an inevitable arrangement, a complete adaptation of materials to purpose and condition? Ships are like the world, always changing and always complete. This eternal adaptability, this readiness to scrap the past and wed the present, this off with the old and on with the new fickleness, has made the ship a thing of beauty down the ages. It made the ship as beautiful in those early days when Briton made futile effort with his coracle against the splendid galleons of invincible Rome, as it was in the days when Nelson sailed the Sound, or Beatty the Bight of Heligoland; when the *Golden Hind* left Plymouth or the *Mauretania* put out from Liverpool.

The beauty of ships, then, is no idle sentiment, no romantic fancy, but very real, as real and as inevitable as the wind and the sea. To the wind and sea we must turn for the key to the mystery. The beauty of ships is born of a treaty between wind and sea. The ship herself is born of these and largely subject to their moods, yet is she autonomous by virtue of her recognition of the irrefutable law by which the elements abide and by the way she has adapted herself to them.

The idea of the ship is embodied in her form, a form which must remain the same until there is no more sea. And when the mariner goes forth into deep waters where there is no guidance save the stars and the magnetic needle, fear has no place in his heart, for he is protected by the design of his craft; he knows how strong her beauty is and

how sure her form. And he knows also that his own seamanship is bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, in that he rules by obedience to the same laws which gave her being. Even in that ill hour, when wind and wave conspire to hurl him to destruction, he does not blame the good ship as she trembles upon the reef, later probably to strew the beach with silent wreckage. He faces the fact calmly, as brave men face death. Complaint is useless. She was a good ship all the same.

Neither is it fantastic to imagine the sea tolerating any form that lacks this perfection of design. All sea things are beautiful as the ship is beautiful, where there is ungainliness it is due to a compromise with the land. Most amphibious animals are ugly compared with the grace and balance of aquatic creatures. That which seeks the sea in aught but the strength of perfect line and form courts destruction. The ugliest ships have been failures — the *Great Eastern*, built for the Atlantic ferry service, was more of a tank than a ship and she became a cable tank, and ultimately a coal hulk. Her ugliness was her doom; and so it was with the early paddle-steamers, which were just plodding their way to grace. Ungainly rafts may be immune from peril on river or lagoon, but they must not aspire to the sea until they have grown more gracious.

So it may be that every proper raft dreams of the day in which she shall become even as the queens of the merchant service — figuring, no doubt, the evolution from the humble coracle through sampan and canoe, link by link, until the alliance with the chosen of the mighty deep is attained. It is not the mere fact of floating that makes an object acceptable to the sea. The adjustment of this primary faculty to the conditions of ebb and flow, of wind and wave, must be perfectly carried out before any negotiations are possible.

When these are complete the beauty of the ship is also complete. Then wood and steel have become strong in grace, symbols of the skilled intelligence of ship-craft, urged into being by imagination and judgment. Then only are they sent forth with the title 'seaworthy' in deference to the might of Neptune.

The old romance of ships has gone; the golden age of the sea, when ships went forth pranked with images of gold upon their prows and gorgeous heraldry astern, their great sails brave with rich dyes, worthy harness for the winds of heaven, is no more. Except here and there, robbed of their ancient glory, these dandies of the deep do service yet as training ships. The old beauty is still upon them as they doze in quiet harbors — ponderous black-and-white masses haunted with ancient memories, dreaming, no doubt, of Copenhagen and the Nile and the days of the sea kings.

Instead of the old romance we have the new. It is no longer called romance,

however; no longer decked in the trappings of the joy of life; the lines of our modern ships are beautiful with a beauty strange to that of other days. The line is different, it is sterner and sharper, and the shipwright has not stopped to glorify his skill in bright colors or strange carvings. He has pared away all that does not subserve his aim, which is speed. He has created a new beauty and a new romance, but the beauty is called utility and the romance reality.

We harness the winds less and less. No longer do we tack and tack obediently to the demand of the Valkyries. A new power urges our ships independently of wind and tide. With the growth of steam-power, the crowning glory of the old ship departed. Masts, with their intricate rigging, have shrunk as funnels have grown in size and numbers. Ships have suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange, but the spirits of steam and the gods of speed have recreated their eternal beauty.

AFTER FELIX ARVERS

BY T. EARLE WELBY

[*Saturday Review*]

My soul, my life, their secret sorrow know:
Undying love in one swift moment born.
My hurt is hopeless; and, to silence sworn,
I keep my wound from her who dealt the blow.
And I unmarked by her shall ever go,
Still by her side, but oh, then most forlorn,
And never dare requests that she would scorn,
And have no guerdon of her. Even so.

For she, though God has made her tender, sweet,
Will heedless tread her path, and never hear
This murmur of my love beneath her feet;
To duty true, will tread her austere way,
And read these verses full of her and say,
'Who was this woman that he held so dear?'

A PAGE OF VERSE

THE WATCHER

BY MARY WEBB

[*Spectator*]

WHERE the black woods grow sparse
and die,

A giant broods against the sky.
The storm his chlamys, and his head
Bent to the spirits of the dead.

The windhover, floating like a leaf,
Passes him safely, clear of grief.
The auburn doves within the wood
Have pondered him and understood.

The wandering breaths of cattle come
Toward his fastness, and the hum
From paper homes of wasps, and cries
Of bees in their refectories.

The evening smoke ascends again
Out of the sapphire-circled plain,
And to the oatfield, pale as wax,
A black swift hurtles like an axe.

There shadow, with her gentle fingers,
Soothes all the dappled land; she lingers
On little croft and ample field,
With their benign and wistful yield.

The Watcher on the summit stands
With a blue goblet in his hands;
He slowly drinks the glimmering years,
The sparkling laughter and the tears.

He is not angered nor forgiving;
He does not sever dead from living,
But sees them all as long gone by,
Returning in futurity.

And still he counts, with stooping head,
The spirits of the living dead —
A soul or two in every field,
And in the furrowed, crimson weald;

And some in every orchard-close,
Who pruned the cherry and the rose,
And waited for the damson sweet,
And plodded through the brittle wheat.

MY LADY'S THROAT

(*Villanelle*)

BY R. L. MEGROZ

[*Colour*]

My lady's throat is curved and slim
And climbs up passionately pale
Above her bosom shrouded dim.

Waving like flames that overbrim
A fire and, merging, soar and fail,
My lady's throat is curved and slim.

That beauty is too swift to limn
Which mystery flame-like does exhale
Above her bosom shrouded dim.

With grace of flying seraphim
That harp to Mary Mother 'Hail!'
My lady's throat is curved and slim.

Marvelous as any whim
Of beauty exquisitely frail,
My lady's throat is curved and slim
Above her bosom shrouded dim.

THE NEW MOON

FROM THE HINDUSTANI OF IQBAL

[*East and West*]

THE sun's bark was shattered, and
sank into the Nile of the heavens,
And a fragment still floats on the face
of the Blue.

The evening has recited the preface of
the essay of night,
And the ancient sky has on his lips the
measured verse of night.

The wheel of heaven has stolen the ear-
ring of the bride of dusk;
The golden shoe has fallen from the
hoof of the steed of Time.

Behold the sky is out to beg for dark-
ness,
And comes with a silver cup in his
hands.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

'BATOUALA' AND THE WINNER OF THE PRIX GONCOURT

A NOVEL by a negro about negroes, a novel in which but one white man appears upon the scene (and then only incidentally and in the most unfavorable light), a novel whose action all takes place in the African jungle — such is *Batouala*, by René Maran, described by its author as 'un véritable roman nègre,' and crowned with the Prix Goncourt for 1921.

Batouala is a negro chief, a *moukoundji* of repute among his fellow tribesmen, a *moukoundji* of such high position that he has no fewer than nine wives and a dog (Djouma, who has his own share in the story), besides sundry ducks, chickens, and goats. It is the intrigue of *Batouala*'s youngest and favorite wife, Yassiguindja, with his friend Bissibingui, that gives the book its chief claim to call itself a novel; for without this jungle version of the eternal triangle — or perhaps it would be better to say eternal *decagon*, in view of the number of *Batouala*'s wives and their pretty general fondness for Bissibingui — *Batouala* would be little more than a series of unconnected pictures of tribal life in modern Africa. The efforts of Bissibingui and Yassiguindja to evade the vigilance of the jealous *Batouala*, afford the painfully tenuous thread of plot on which M. Maran strings his black pearls. *Batouala*'s discovery, during the mad revelry of a tribal initiation ceremony, that his favorite *yassi* (wife) loves his friend, his unsuccessful attempt to kill Bissibingui then and there, and his subsequent crafty concealment of his wrath under the pretext that his rival continues to be his *ouandja* (intimate friend) as before, the secret plottings — savage, half subtle, half childish — of

the two men against each other's lives, *Batouala*'s attempt to kill the other man with his javelin during a hunt, and his own death by the blow of a panther's paw, all set against a background of primitive life in our own day (for the novel is strictly contemporary) make a tale so strange, so powerful, and so unusual that there is small difficulty in seeing why the ten members of the Académie Goncourt awarded it their prize.

The beginning and the end of the book (the black author is a good disciple of Aristotle in this, at least) are the parts of chief interest. The first of the twelve chapters is devoted wholly to the task of getting the hero awake in the morning. Ludicrous though the minute details of this description may be, there is no gainsaying the curious vividness with which they let in the white reader's gaze upon the queer, sluggish workings of the savage brain: —

He yawned and stretched himself, not knowing whether to go back to sleep or to get up. Get up? *N'gakoura!* Why get up? . . . After all, why get up? It is better to sit down than to stand; and better to lie down than to sit. The mat on which he lay gave out a pleasant odor of dry grass. The hide of a fresh-killed wild bull could not surpass its softness. And so, instead of lying there disturbing himself with unquiet dreams, why should he not go back to sleep? He would thus appreciate the perfect softness of his *bogbo* (mat). But first of all, he must stir up the fire. . . . Once he had rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand, he got up and scratched himself. He scratched his shoulders. He scratched his thighs, his head, his arms, his legs. It is an admirable exercise to scratch. It aids the circulation of the blood. It is, besides, a pleasure. . . .

Slowly the savage household awakens — Djouma, the little dog, the ducks, the goats, the chickens, the nine wives, and all the family. Batouala smokes peacefully in the sunlight, while his *yassi* broils caterpillars for the breakfast of her lord, the *moukoundji*. Once the leisurely narrative is started, it unrolls with fair rapidity. *Batouala* is not a long book. The visits of Bissibingui to the chief, the details of the day's life, the frenzied orgies of the initiatory ceremony, the death of Batouala's father and the primitive rites of his burial, the plot against Bissibingui, the final hunt, the ceremonial of the sorcerers over Batouala as he lies wounded, and finally the death of the wounded man when he springs from his mat to slay the faithless Yassiguindja, are all recounted in less than two hundred pages, and there is still room, scattered here and there among these pages, for the naïvely charming folk stories that the black men tell to one another as they squat by their camp fires or swing along the jungle trails to the hunt. The novel conveys an impression — an overwhelming impression — of truth to life. It is a negro's story of his own people — the story of a highly sophisticated negro, it is true, looking at the life about him with eyes that have seen Paris, eyes that are partly French, and eyes that have dwelt (perhaps too much) on the pages in the library of the *lycée* at Bordeaux.

It is a story of local color — a pigment that M. Maran applies with too vigorous a brush. His pages are daubed thick with words from the native languages, *m'bi*, *n'gapou*, *gogoua*, *bas-saragba*, barbaric mouthfuls that no white man's lips can compass and to whose meaning there is seldom more than the faintest clue. At first the strange words seem pleasantly exotic; presently they seem merely exotic; and by the time page 100 is past, they have

become a nuisance, a blemish in a novel which is, in spite of other blemishes, a very fine performance, all things considered. Their meaning is quite beyond recovery, even for earnest souls who (like the present writer) have submitted them to one or another of the few American authorities on African languages. One professor in particular, after endeavor upon endeavor with lexicon after lexicon of the innumerable native dialects, gave up the words as hopeless, with the suggestion that M. Maran must have used the dialects of half a dozen different tribes, though the author specifically states that his people are of the Banda tribe. But the negro novelist is out for specific detail and he crams his novel full of it.

M. Maran has written a relentlessly realistic book, a novel about savages that sticks at no detail (and savage details are rarely delicate) — not even at those which are perhaps better suited for the perusal of professors of anthropology than for readers of popular fiction.

But we must be fair to M. Maran. He set out to write — as he tells us on the title page — ‘un véritable roman nègre.’ Well, he has done it, and of his novel's highly episodic character, he himself says in the preface, ‘It is, to tell the truth, nothing but a series of etchings.’ That is a little too modest. The opening chapters, the funeral, the initiation, the hunt are too full of color to be mere etchings, and yet too full of sharp precision to be paintings. Pictures, at any rate, and good ones.

M. Maran has written a preface that is almost as interesting as his novel — a preface that is sometimes caustic. ‘If unintelligence characterized the negro alone, there would not be many Europeans.’ And again ‘Civilization, civilization, pride of the Europeans and charnel-house of the innocent . . . You build your realm on corpses. . . .

You are the force that suppresses right, you are no torch of light, but an incendiary. What you touch, you consume.' Yet the writer is a French colonial official and he can write upon occasion as very much a French patriot.

Who is M. Maran? A negro born on the island of Martinique, some thirty-four years ago, and educated at a *lycée* at Bordeaux, where, says an article in *L'Opinion* by M. Manoel Gahisto (to whom *Batouala* is dedicated) the part that study played in the intellectual growth of the author was very large. There he passed all of his schooldays, even his vacations. He was a good football player, a clever pupil in the *salle d'armes*, but still a lad whose chief interests were literary. At twenty-one he published his first book of poems, *La Maison de Bonheur*, which was followed three years later by another volume of poetry, *La Vie Intérieure*. After this he turned to realistic fiction, to the observation of the most minute details, and, he tells in the preface to *Batouala* how, 'stretched out on moonlight evenings on the chaise longue of my verandah, I listened to the conversations of these poor people' — the natives among whom he lived. Six years of study went to the writing of his novel.

The award has not by any means given universal satisfaction in France. The vote of the ten members of the Academy was a tie, five to five, which was broken only by the deciding vote of the President. M. Jacques Chardonne's *L'Épithalame* (of which M. Georges le Cardonnell says wickedly in the *Revue Universelle*, 'Its chief interest is that it has n't any!') was the closest rival of *Batouala*, and M. Pierre MacOrlan's *Cavalière Elsa* also obtained five ballots at one of the preliminary trials. These facts have been eagerly seized on by the publishers, and M. Chardonne's book in being advertised as 'Five to five for

the Prix Goncourt.' So quickly did the news of the award spread in Paris that ten minutes after the decision had been announced, a book-buyer, hurrying to the nearest store, found six people ahead of him — all vociferously demanding copies of *Batouala*!

*

A SAINT-SAËNS ANECDOTE

THE recent death of Camille Saint-Saëns recalls to a writer in the London *Morning Post* an incident of his voyage homeward-bound from South America on board the R. M. S. Clyde in 1904. Saint-Saëns was an amateur astronomer, and delighted in disappearing from Paris to spend vacations in queer corners of the world, often on islands out of the beaten track, where he diverted himself with observations of the heavens with a small telescope, or merely idled in preparation for the compositions which he poured out in such a stream. On this occasion, says the English writer,

he enjoyed the voyage so much that he composed a special piece of music for the ship's orchestra to play during dinner on the evening before reaching Lisbon, where he was to land. The *morceau* was duly performed, and the Captain, officers, and passengers were uproarious in their appreciation. Saint-Saëns, however, was not satisfied. He jumped up from his chair and hurried with quick, short steps along the saloon and to the deck above, took the conductor's place, and, with bâton in hand, he had the orchestra go through the performance again, and to his own satisfaction. Then, amidst vociferous applause, he returned to his seat next to the Captain and, expressing his thanks for our approval, he ordered champagne for all of us seated round the Captain's table.

*

CHAMMOIS HUNTING IN SWITZERLAND

A GENEVA correspondent, writing to the London *Times*, thus describes the necessity of careful conservation of the

chamois, long-continued hunting having compelled the state to take drastic measures in order to preserve the species: —

Certain districts have been strictly prohibited to chamois hunters, and in these reserves the animals can rest undisturbed. But chamois hunting has a charm of its own. It is a healthy and attractive sport, with its rock-climbing and its life in the wilderness of the Alps, and since hunters are becoming more numerous and more destructive every year, new regulations will be necessary if this country wishes to protect the chamois herds.

In the Canton of Fribourg, for instance, permits were granted to 85 hunters, who killed 123 chamois last autumn. The Alps of Fribourg contain three reserves, in which there are 510 chamois, 245 others wandering in the free districts. The total herd of 755 is now reduced to 632. The authorities are contemplating new measures in order to prevent this slaughter, which is carried out especially by the mountain guides and some alpinists of the towns. If nothing is done the chamois will soon exist only in memory.



VISCOUNT GREY AND HIS WILD DUCKS

VISCOUNT GREY, as everyone has known since he and Colonel Roosevelt went bird-hunting together when the Colonel visited England on his way home from Africa, is a lover of wild birds. For thirty-seven years, as in a recent address, he told the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, of which he is president, he has made observations of wild ducks, and has bred ten British and thirteen foreign species. The bird sanctuary which he maintains has attracted many unusual bird visitors, mallard, teal, widgeon, pintail, pochards, and tufted ducks. Once they find

themselves secure in the sanctuary, these wild birds become tame very readily, and Viscount Grey has found them feeding fearlessly within a week of their arrival.

One of the distinguished ornithologist's most interesting experiences is thus described in *Stead's Review*: —

Speaking of tree-nesting ducks, Lord Grey said that at Fallogdon one of his Carolina ducks built its nest in an elm, 300 yards from the water, in a hole 22 feet from the ground. The nest was two feet below the level of the hole. As he was interested to know how the young birds were to be got to the water, special watch was kept by his gardener. As soon as the birds were hatched the mother flew down into the long grass at the foot of the tree, and called to the young. The gardener saw six little ducks creep to the edge of the hole and fall out one at a time into the grass. They then all marched off together to the pond. The speaker characterized this as a tremendous tribute to the energy of Nature. Here were newly hatched birds, never fed, climbing up a dark hole for two feet, then falling 22 feet, and walking 300 yards to get to the water.



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A Scholar's Letters to a Young Lady

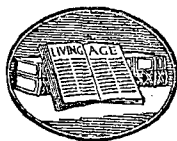
PRINTED, like unprinted, letters evoke a variety of responses, but it is not every volume of correspondence that calls forth a letter which itself has the quality that gives pleasure in print. That is what *A Scholar's Letters to a Young Lady* has done with one of its readers—Mr. Gamaliel Bradford. After reading these "Passages from the Later Correspondence of Francis James Child," printed not long ago in a limited edition, Mr. Bradford wrote of them, and of the Harvard professor from whom they proceeded twenty-five and more years ago, in a letter from which these sentences are taken:—

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